

Dorothy



VOLUME I

Dorothy

OZ EVERNEW; OZ EVERLASTING

When *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* was published in 1900, neither its author, L. Frank Baum, nor the public, anticipated how much a part of the basic fabric of American culture the tale and its characters would become. But by 1902, with the mounting in Chicago of a musical extravaganza adapted from the story as *The Wizard of Oz*, there were already clues of how much Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, the Cowardly Lion, the good and bad witches, and the Wizard resonated with the audience. When the show opened in New York City at the Majestic Theater in 1903, it became the most popular musical ever mounted in the City up to that time.

There were additional hints that the story was readily adaptable for different audiences and different tastes. For the musical play, Dorothy's dog Toto was replaced by Imogen the Calf, because a costumed actor could provide the Calf's comic business in ways that a trained dog simply could not. On stage beautiful young women, dressed in tights, portrayed choruses of flowers in the Poppy sequence, and a bevy of female soldiers guarding the Wizard. The musical was clearly aimed at a more adult audience.

Further adaptations for newer audiences continued throughout the twentieth century. In 1925 Chadwick produced a silent version of *The Wizard of Oz* starring Larry Semon as a farmhand and also the Scarecrow, and Oliver Hardy (later of Oliver and Hardy fame), as another farmhand and the Tin Woodman. The lovely Dorothy Dwan portrayed the character Dorothy as something of a vamp. The success of the 1939 MGM musical version, starring Judy Garland and a troupe of major vaudeville stars, again transformed *The Wizard of Oz* for a new audience, and the timelessness of the movie became clear with the first television broadcast in 1956. From that point on, *The Wizard of Oz* became the best known American fairy tale ever written or seen.

Characters and images from *The Wizard of Oz* have become so ingrained in the popular consciousness internationally, that no day goes by without a cartoon or a spoken reference to something Oz-related appearing in the media somewhere in the world. Indeed *The Baum Bugle*, magazine of The International Wizard of Oz Club, which comes out three times a year, includes two departments devoted to capturing the most important of these references.

Despite the common currency in Oz themes and images, probably the vast majority in the world do not know that *The Wizard of Oz* was only the first title in a series that grew to a total of forty titles between 1900 and 1965.

In 1956, the book's copyright entered the public domain; from that point on, Oz themes and characters became available for new interpretation, and countless stories and full-length novels derived from the original book began to appear. Some have circulated essentially privately among devotees, but others have been more widely distributed. In 1995 Dick Rutter compiled a list of more than 100 pastiches and parodies, and that was by no means a complete list, even then.

Science fiction writer Philip José Farmer published what is probably the first full-fledged adult novel based on the Oz books. Farmer, an enthusiast of the original series, published *A Barnstormer in Oz* in 1982. But his book had been preceded by the very successful, all-black musical version of *The Wizard of Oz* called *The Wiz*. Interestingly the 1975 musical was adapted from Baum's book, interpreting the original tale in completely new, and rather grittily urban terms.

Yet another reinterpretation of the Oz myth that has gained high regard both as a book and as a musical adaptation is *Wicked: The Life and Times of the Wicked Witch of the West* by Gregory Maguire. *Wicked* is a literary tour de force, interpreting Oz in adult and political terms. Maguire's work combines elements of both Baum's book and images first encountered in the MGM movie (such as the green complexion of the Wicked Witch of the West).

In these efforts, and ultimately numerous others, we see an American fairy tale that has become so ingrained in the culture that it has virtually been elevated to cultural myth. Themes of the original tale can now be used as a kind of shorthand to explore modern social issues in ways totally different from the original tale itself. Thus something seemingly totally familiar can serve as a springboard to treatments that are alive, fresh, and only slightly connected to the original sources.

It should not be surprising, then, that something so deeply part of our culture continues to serve as a stimulus to examine personal and social values in ever new ways. Certainly with the graphic novel, *Dorothy*, we see a completely new approach to interpreting Ozian themes. Pushing the elements of the tale, which many in the past have already regarded as a symbolic coming-of-age story, we find in *Dorothy* a book that combines striking, haunting, and often beautiful images with a tale in which the central character is a teenager of the twenty-first century. The language of the book is the language of many American teens. The angst, vocabulary, and even references to drug use, reflect the currency we read and hear about throughout the U.S. Even to older readers, who may be startled by some of the new tale's content, the sensibility of our new Dorothy, the issues she carries within her, her resourcefulness, and her "street smarts," will resonate. That resonance will undoubtedly be even stronger for readers who are about the age of this sixteen-year-old Dorothy. The graphics, a seductive blend of photography and digital imaging, combine brilliantly with the text. The characters, from Dorothy onward, are simultaneously somewhat familiar and yet strikingly new. The book is current, sensuous, humorous, and intense. With *Dorothy* we have an intensely imagined Oz that explores a realm many of us have not yet dared to dream about.

- Peter E. Hanff

Past President, The International Wizard of Oz Club

and co-author of *Bibliographia Oziana*, the bibliography of the Oz books.

Deputy Director, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley

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DOROTHY VOLUME I

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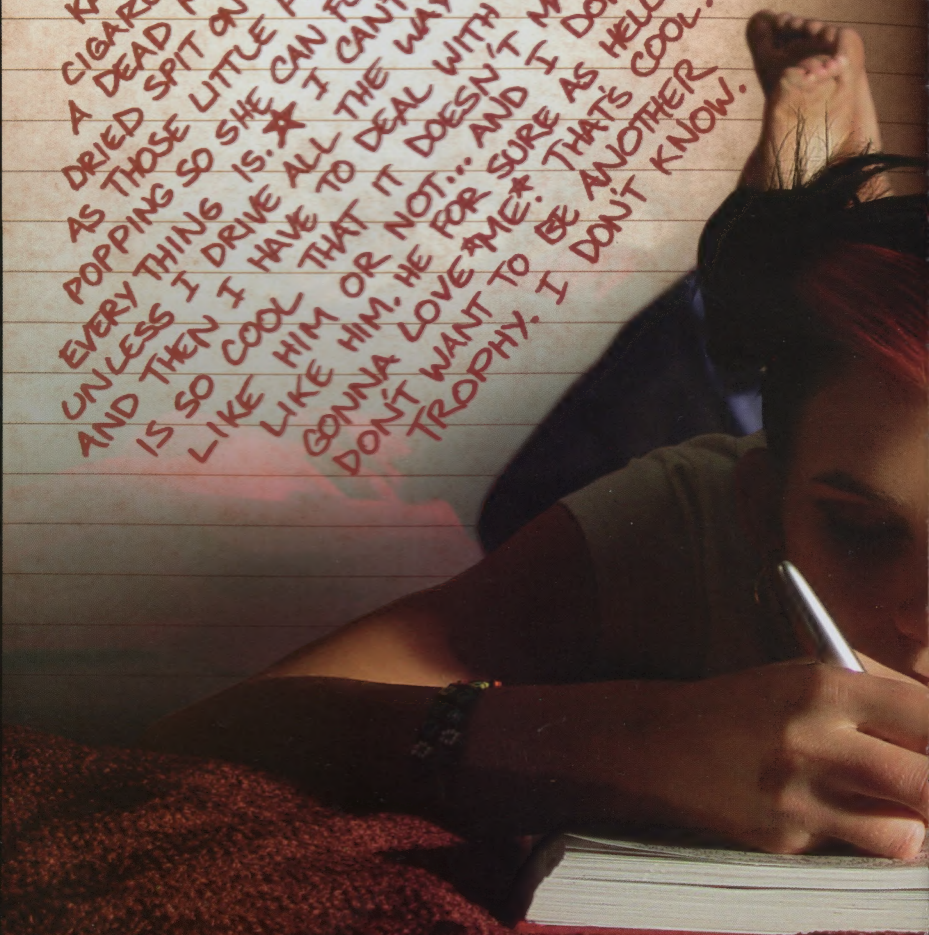
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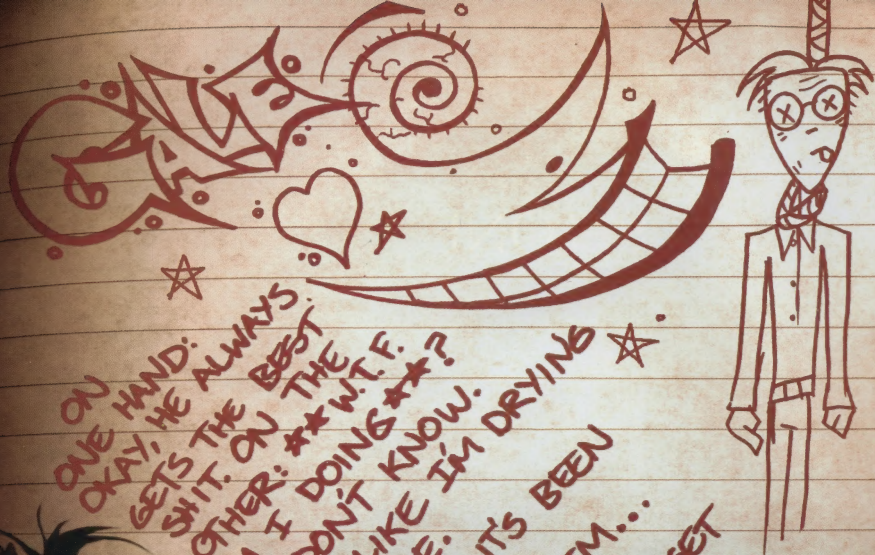
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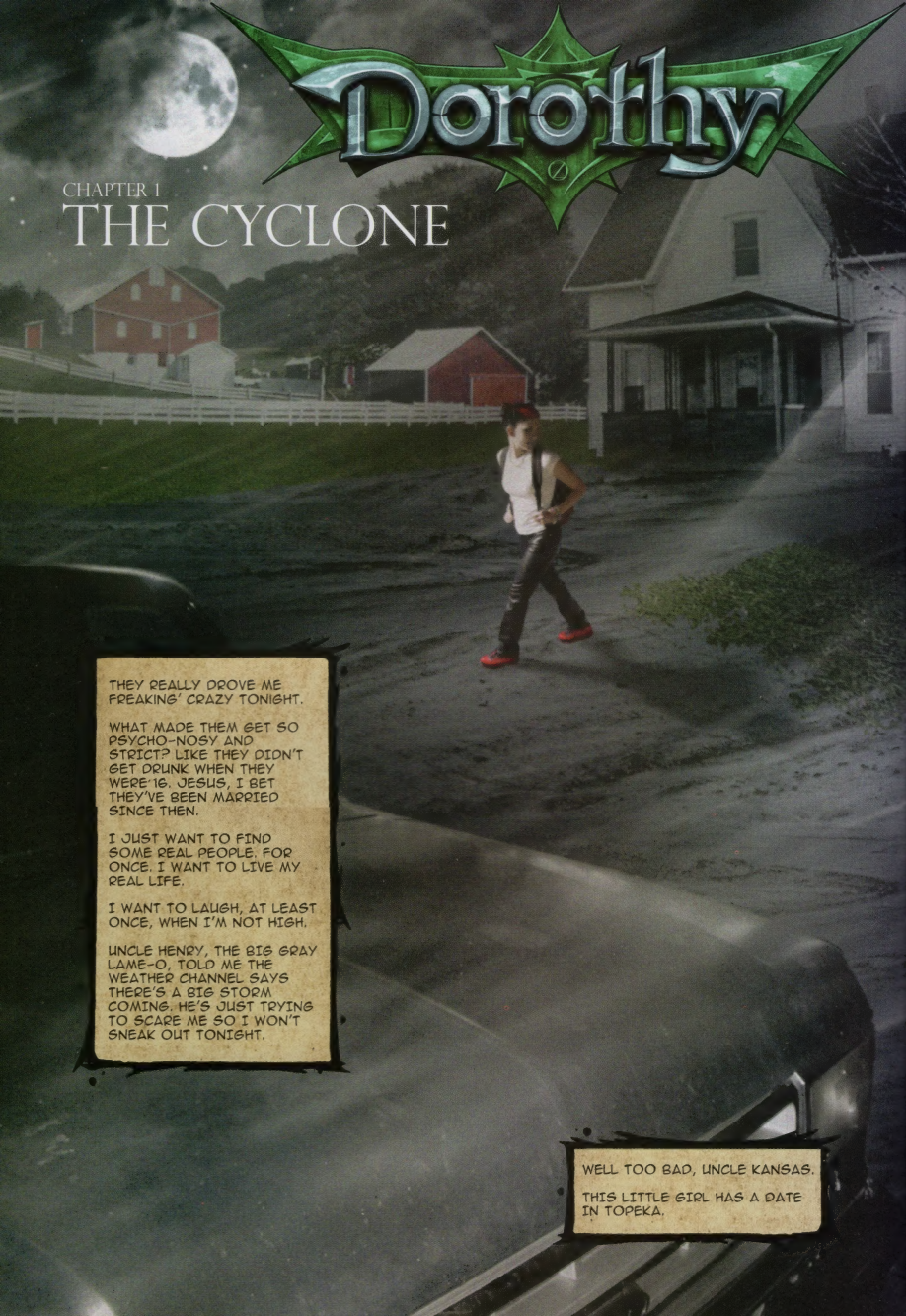
KANSAS
IS GRAY
TONIGHT. KANSAS
IS GRAY EVERY NIGHT.
KANSAS IS GRAY LIKE
CIGARETTE ASHES. GRAY LIKE
A DEAD MAN'S HEART. GRAY AS
DRIED SPIT ON THE SIDEWALK. GRAY
AS THOSE LITTLE PILLS AUNT EM KEEPS
POPPING SO SHE CAN FORGET HOW GRAY SHIT
EVERYTHING IS. ★ I CAN'T GET ANY GOOD SHIT
UNLESS I DRIVE ALL THE WAY TO GRAY. JASON...
AND THEN I HAVE TO DEAL WITH JASON. JASON...
IS SO COOL THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU
LIKE HIM OR NOT... AND I DON'T THINK I REALLY
GONNA LOVE ★ ME. THAT'S COOL. BUT I
DON'T WANT TO BE ANOTHER
TROPHY. I DON'T KNOW.





ON ONE HAND:
OKAY, HE ALWAYS
GETS THE BEST
SHIT. ON THE
OTHER: **W.T.F.
AM I DOING **?
I DON'T KNOW.
I FEEL LIKE I'M DRYING
UP OUT HERE. IT'S BEEN
FIVE YEARS. THEM...
I MISS THEM...
I KNOW I HAVE TO GET
OUT OF THIS FUCKING
HOUSE... TONIGHT.





Dorothy

CHAPTER 1

THE CYCLONE

THEY REALLY DROVE ME
FREAKING' CRAZY TONIGHT.

WHAT MADE THEM GET SO
PSYCHO-NOSY AND
STRICT? LIKE THEY DIDN'T
GET DRUNK WHEN THEY
WERE 16. JESUS, I BET
THEY'VE BEEN MARRIED
SINCE THEN.

I JUST WANT TO FIND
SOME REAL PEOPLE. FOR
ONCE. I WANT TO LIVE MY
REAL LIFE.

I WANT TO LAUGH, AT LEAST
ONCE, WHEN I'M NOT HIGH.

UNCLE HENRY, THE BIG GRAY
LAME-O, TOLD ME THE
WEATHER CHANNEL SAYS
THERE'S A BIG STORM
COMING. HE'S JUST TRYING
TO SCARE ME SO I WON'T
SNEAK OUT TONIGHT.

WELL TOO BAD, UNCLE KANSAS.

THIS LITTLE GIRL HAS A DATE
IN TOPEKA.



DAY AFTER DAY,
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME
OLD SHIT.

"DO THIS DOT, DO THAT."

"DOT, WE JUST WANT
YOU TO BE SAFE."

NOBODY CALLS ME DOT
ANYMORE. DON'T THEY
KNOW ANYTHING?

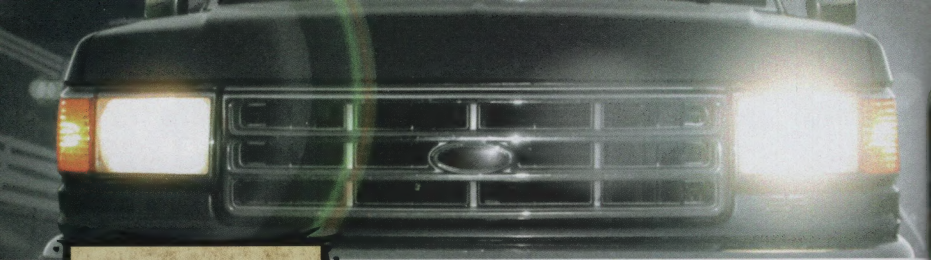


I BET UNCLE HENRY EVEN
TOOK HIS KEYS FROM THE
VISOR OUT OF THE TRUCK
IN CASE HIS STUPID
TORNADO STORY DOESN'T
STOP ME.

HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT
I CAN DO.



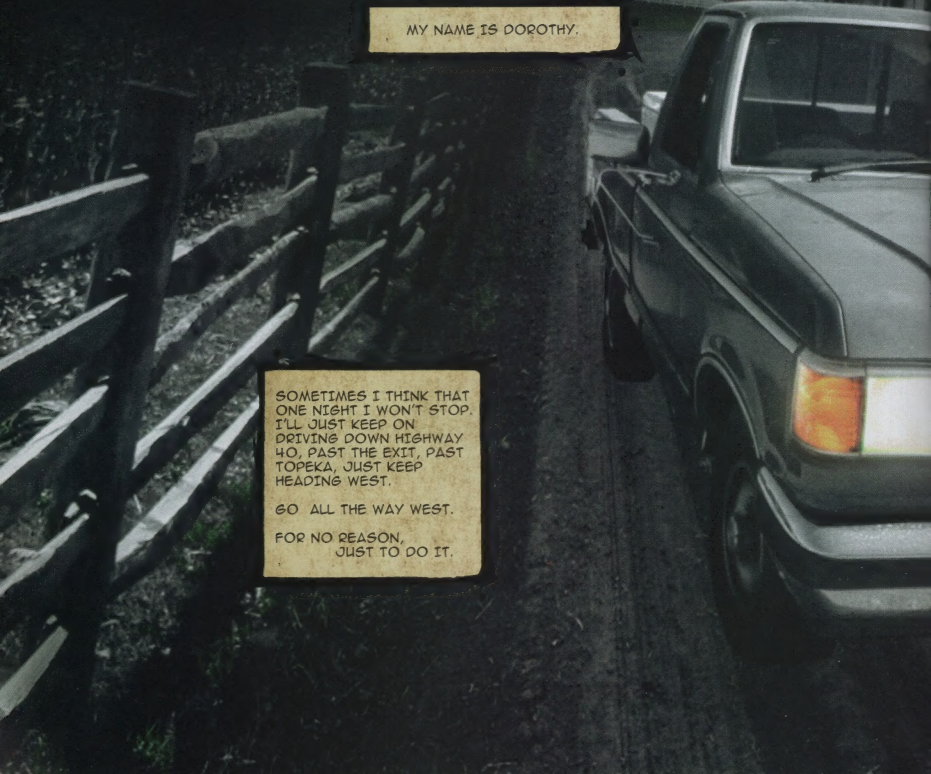
NOBODY KNOWS ME AT ALL.



I'M SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.



IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS.



MY NAME IS DOROTHY.

SOMETIMES I THINK THAT
ONE NIGHT I WON'T STOP.
I'LL JUST KEEP ON
DRIVING DOWN HIGHWAY
40, PAST THE EXIT, PAST
TOPEKA, JUST KEEP
HEADING WEST.

GO ALL THE WAY WEST.

FOR NO REASON,
JUST TO DO IT.

A young woman with red hair is driving a car at night. She is looking out the window with a thoughtful expression. The interior of the car is visible, including the steering wheel and dashboard. The background is dark, suggesting a nighttime setting.

"WHERE I'VE BEEN AND
WHERE I'M GOING"

THAT WAS THE ESSAY WE
WROTE LAST WEEK IN
MRS. CARPENTER'S CLASS.

I FLUNKED IT.

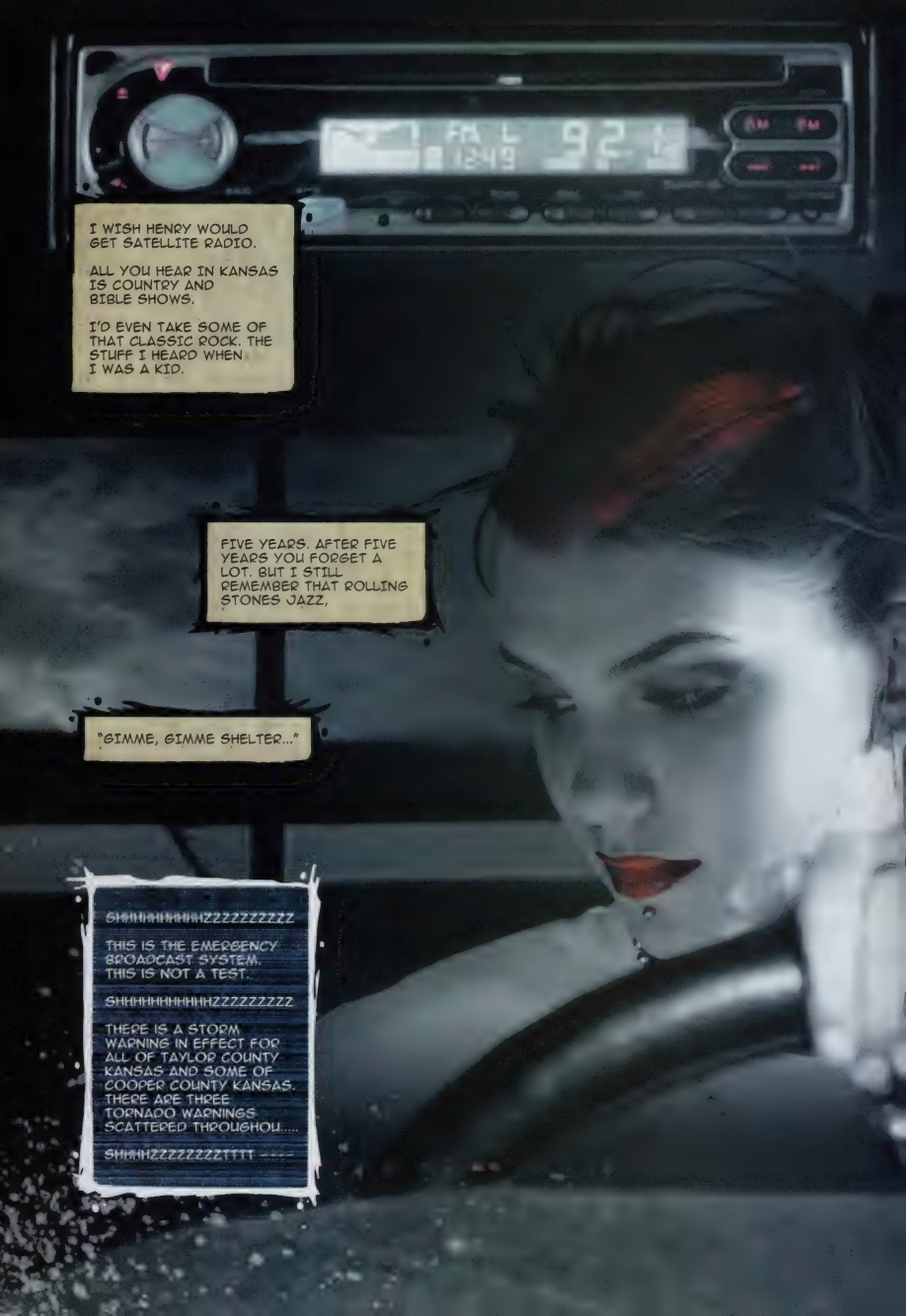
ALL I WROTE WAS
"NOWHERE."

TONIGHT I'M RUNNING
AWAY NO MATTER WHAT.

I SHOULDN'T BE FLUNKED
FOR TELLING THE TRUTH.

I'M ALWAYS BEING
MISUNDERSTOOD,

JUST LIKE A ROCK STAR,
LIKE FUCKING NIRVANA.



I WISH HENRY WOULD
GET SATELLITE RADIO.

ALL YOU HEAR IN KANSAS
IS COUNTRY AND
BIBLE SHOWS.

I'D EVEN TAKE SOME OF
THAT CLASSIC ROCK. THE
STUFF I HEARD WHEN
I WAS A KID.

FIVE YEARS. AFTER FIVE
YEARS YOU FORGET A
LOT. BUT I STILL
REMEMBER THAT ROLLING
STONES JAZZ.

"GIMME, GIMME SHELTER..."

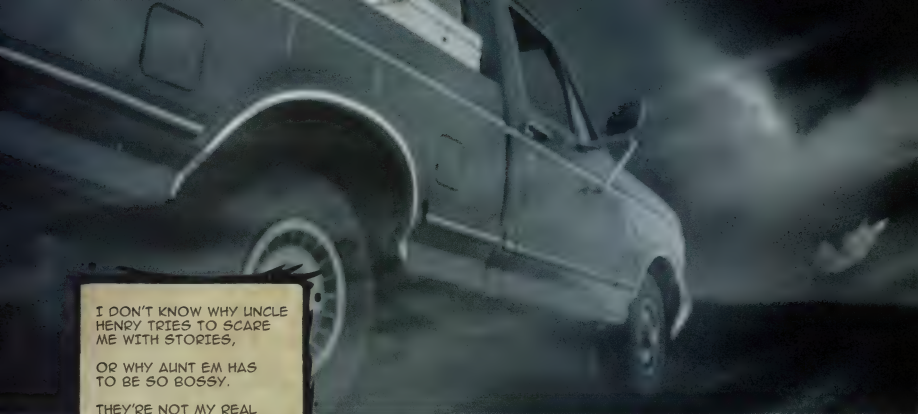
SHHHHHHHHHHZZZZZZZZZZ

THIS IS THE EMERGENCY
BROADCAST SYSTEM.
THIS IS NOT A TEST.

SHHHHHHHHHHZZZZZZZZZZ

THERE IS A STORM
WARNING IN EFFECT FOR
ALL OF TAYLOR COUNTY
KANSAS AND SOME OF
COOPER COUNTY KANSAS.
THERE ARE THREE
TORNADO WARNINGS
SCATTERED THROUGHOUT.....

SHHHHZZZZZZZZZZTTTTT -----



I DON'T KNOW WHY UNCLE
HENRY TRIES TO SCARE
ME WITH STORIES,

OR WHY AUNT EM HAS
TO BE SO BOSSY.

THEY'RE NOT MY REAL
PARENTS.

THEY NEVER WILL BE.



MY NAME IS DOROTHY GALE.

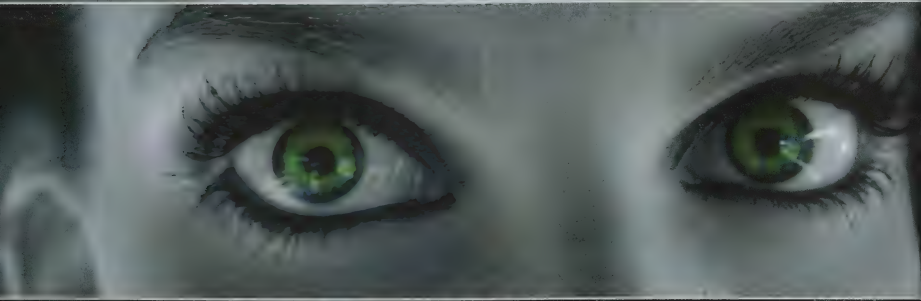


I DON'T BELONG HERE.



I DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE.

NOTHING CAN EVER TOUCH ME.



I'M A GOD DAMN GALE.

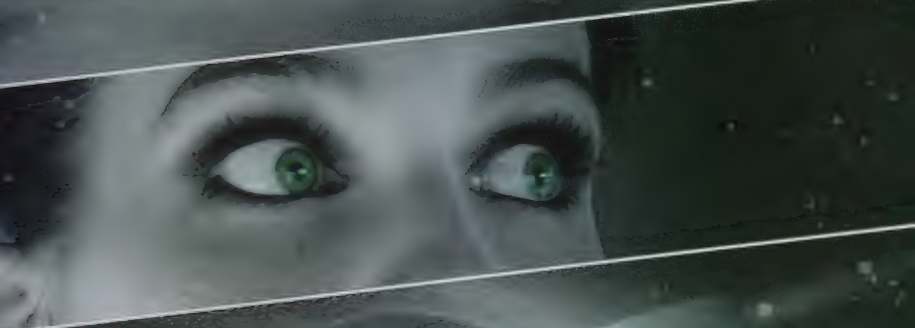


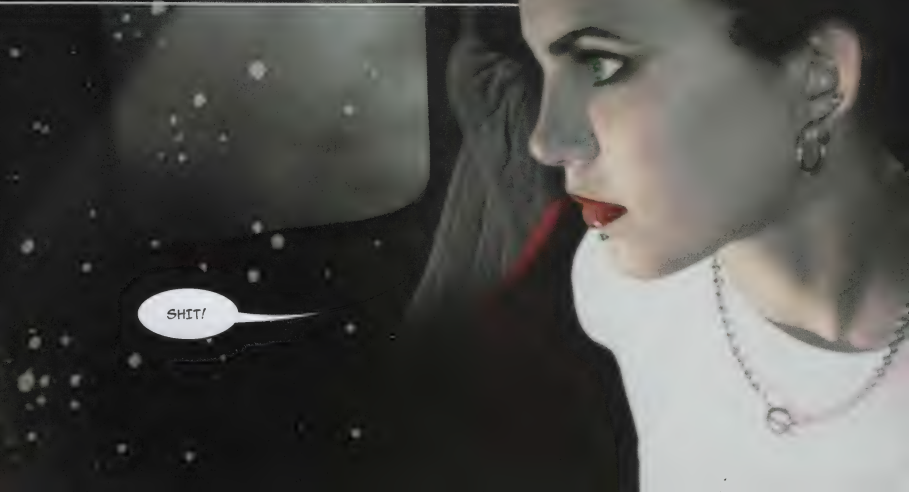
I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED.





I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.





SHIT!



I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING.

THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE
LIKE UNCLE HENRY AND
AUNT EM WHO LET LIFE
JUST SHAKE THEM
AROUND, LIKE A MOMMA
BITCH SHAKING A PUPPY
BY ITS NECK.

BUT NOT US GALES.



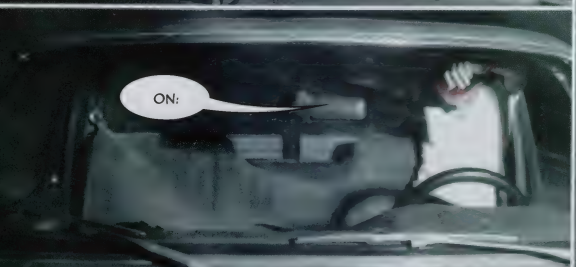
SALES ALWAYS COME OUT
ON TOP.



FROM...



NOW...



ON:



SEATBELT!





I WISH MOM AND DAD
COULD SEE ME, FROM
WHEREVER THEY ARE.

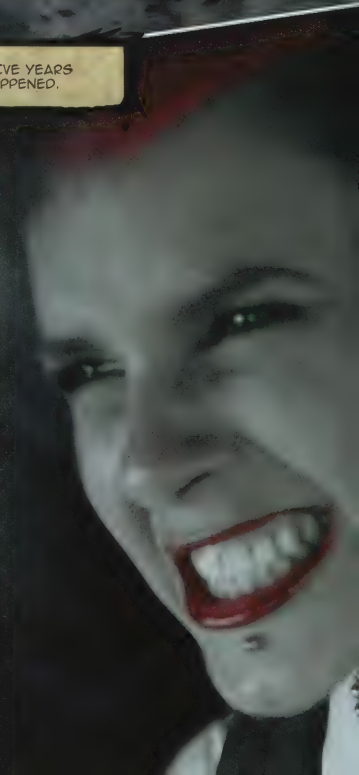


OR MAYBE I DON'T.



SOMETIMES I FEEL SO
LOST WITHOUT THEM.

IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS
SINCE IT HAPPENED.



SINCE THEY FELL
OUT OF MY LIFE.





I'VE GOT TO GET OUT.

DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT.

MY NAME IS DOROTHY
SALE, AND I SWEAR NOW
THAT I WILL NEVER DIE
IN KANSAS.

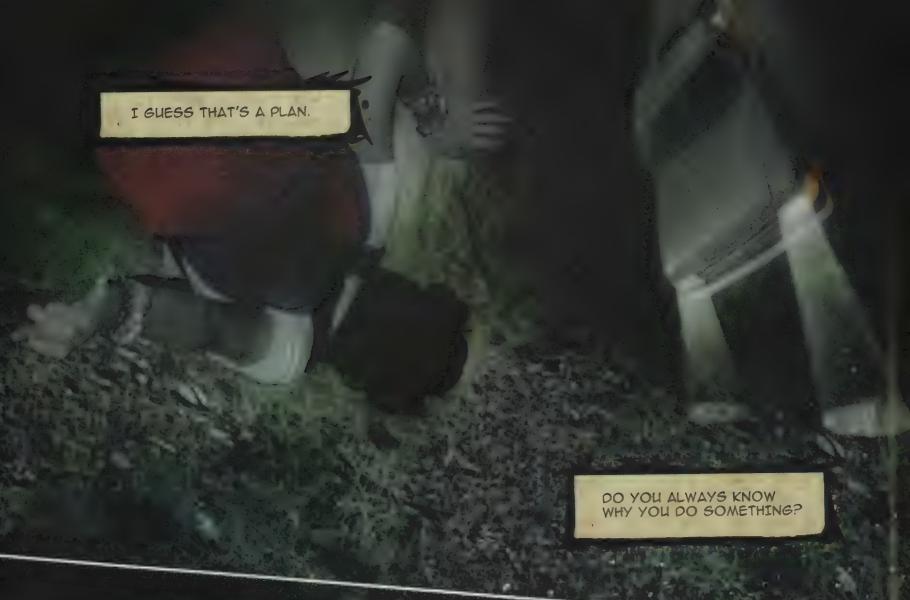
NEVER DIE AND NEVER
GROW OLD AND GRAY.



ONE...

TWO...

THREE!



I GUESS THAT'S A PLAN.

DO YOU ALWAYS KNOW
WHY YOU DO SOMETHING?



I HOPE I DON'T CHICKEN OUT.

BUT HENRY WILL KILL ME
IF I SCRATCH HIS TRUCK.



I'LL PROBABLY WIND UP
STUCK AT HOME BY THE FIRE,

DRINKING COFFEE,

WATCHING THE GRAY WALLS
UNTIL I FALL ASLEEP.

"THE FIRE SEARING OUR
BRAIN IS SUCH THAT WE
WANT TO PLUNGE TO THE
BOTTOM OF THE ABYSS,
WHETHER IT BE HEAVEN
OR HELL,

TO THE BOTTOM OF THE
UNKNOWN IN ORDER TO
FIND SOMETHING "NEW!"

-CHARLES BAUDELAIRE,
"THE VOYAGE"



WHAT
THE HELL?



GOD DAMN IT!
THIS IS A NEW
SHIRT!



I NEED TO FIND
A PHONE...

OR A STARBUCKS.



THEN
AGAIN...

I DON'T THINK
THIS IS KANSAS.

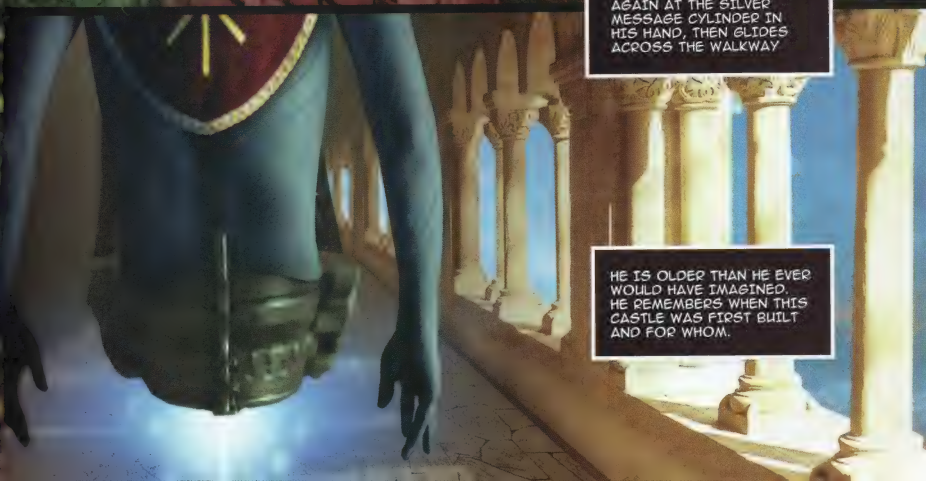


MAYBE IT'S
COLORADO.



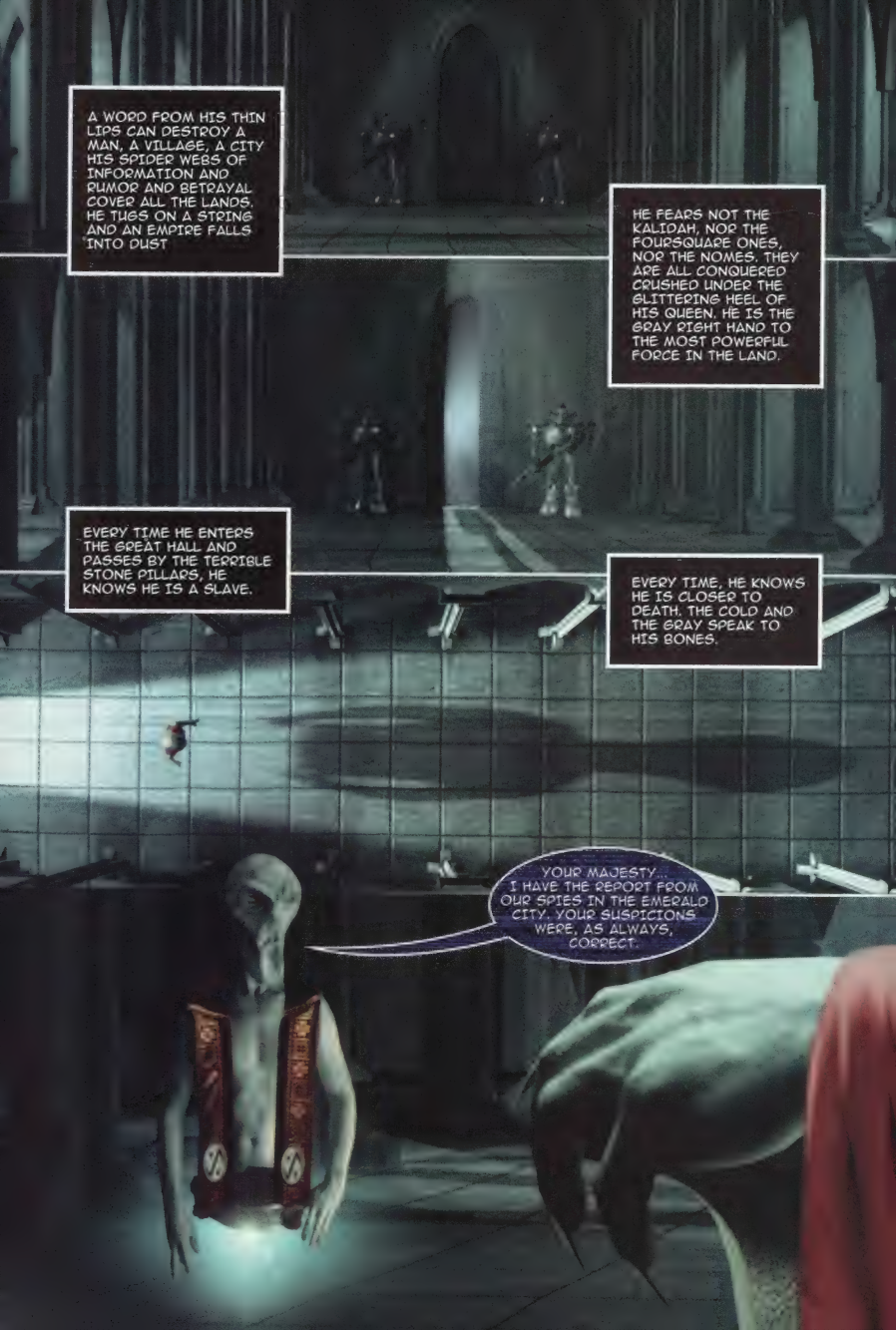
ELSEWHERE, AT THE END OF
A ROTTEN, BROKEN ROAD...

THE THIN GRAY MAN
LOOKS OVER THE
BATTLEMENTS AT THE
CRUEL AND INHOSPITABLE
SWALE VALLEYS BELOW.
A SMALL WHISPER OF AIR
ESCAPES HIS LIPS. HE
REMEMBERS WHEN ALL
THE COLORS OF THE
COMPASS ROAMED OVER
THE SWALE MOUNTAINS.
NOW... NOTHING BUT LEAD
AND STORM CLOUDS.



IT IS THE PRICE OF BEING
INVULNERABLE. IT IS THE
PRICE OF BRINGING
ORDER TO THE KINGDOM.
THE GRAY MAN LOOKS
AGAIN AT THE SILVER
MESSAGE CYLINDER IN
HIS HAND, THEN GLIDES
ACROSS THE WALKWAY

HE IS OLDER THAN HE EVER
WOULD HAVE IMAGINED.
HE REMEMBERS WHEN THIS
CASTLE WAS FIRST BUILT
AND FOR WHOM.



A WORD FROM HIS THIN LIPS CAN DESTROY A MAN, A VILLAGE, A CITY HIS SPIDER WEBB OF INFORMATION AND RUMOR AND BETRAYAL COVER ALL THE LANDS. HE TUGS ON A STRING AND AN EMPIRE FALLS INTO DUST

HE FEARS NOT THE KALIDAH, NOR THE FOURSQUARE ONES, NOR THE NOMES. THEY ARE ALL CONQUERED CRUSHED UNDER THE GLITTERING HEEL OF HIS QUEEN. HE IS THE GRAY RIGHT HAND TO THE MOST POWERFUL FORCE IN THE LAND.

EVERY TIME HE ENTERS THE GREAT HALL AND PASSES BY THE TERRIBLE STONE PILLARS, HE KNOWS HE IS A SLAVE.

EVERY TIME, HE KNOWS HE IS CLOSER TO DEATH. THE COLD AND THE GRAY SPEAK TO HIS BONES.



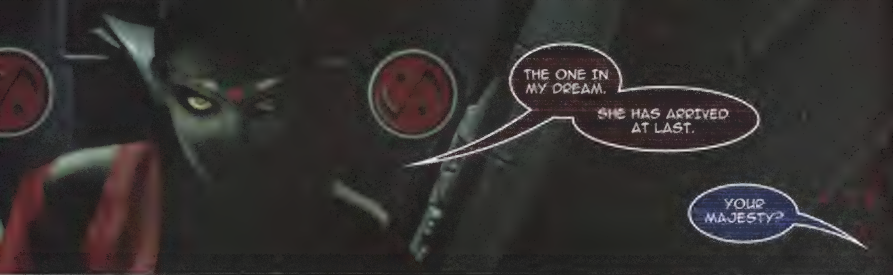
YOUR MAJESTY... I HAVE THE REPORT FROM OUR SPIES IN THE EMERALD CITY. YOUR SUSPICIONS WERE, AS ALWAYS, CORRECT.



THE WIZARD HAS
DESERTED THEM. HE CANNOT
BE FOUND. THEIR DEFENSES
ARE OLD, POORLY MAINTAINED.
THEY RELY ON IMPORTED
GRAIN AND POPPIES FOR
FOOD. IF YOU COMMANDED
BUT HALF YOUR ARMIES,
THE SLAUGHTER...

NOT YET,
GRAYBONES.
WE WAIT.

THERE IS YET
ANOTHER PLAYER IN
THE GAME.







WHEN I THINK OF THAT DAY,
IT'S THE SMELL OF TEA I REMEMBER
FIRST. ORANGE PEKOE. WHENEVER
AUNT EM'S NERVOUS, SHE BREWS
ORANGE PEKOE TEA. I DON'T THINK
I'VE EVER SEEN HER DRINK IT. I KNOW
I DIDN'T DRINK IT WHEN I WAS 11.

THIS IS WHAT SHE
GETS FOR MARRYING
A SALE. I TOLD HER
MYSELF. EVERYONE
KNOWS SALES ARE
RECKLESS.

HENRY AUCLAIR!
YOU DID NOT JUST SAY
SUCH A HURTFUL THING
ABOUT YOUR SISTER.
NOT WHILE SHE'S...

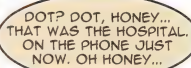
MOST OF THAT DAY IS A WASH IN MY
MEMORY, A BLUR. THE PASTOR KNOCKING
ON THE DOOR. THE PHONE RINGING.
WHISPERING OUTSIDE, ARGUING. BUT THEY
JUST LEFT ME IN THE BEDROOM AS THE
LIGHT OUTSIDE FLATTENED AND DULLED
IN THE WINDOWS.



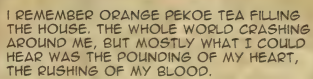
I REMEMBER WANTING TO CRY MORE
THAN I DID. I REMEMBER THINKING THAT
IF I COULD JUST CRY MORE, JUST
HURT A LITTLE MORE, THEN SOMEONE
WOULD HAVE TO MAKE THINGS ALL
RIGHT. IF I WAS SINCERE ENOUGH, SAD
ENOUGH, THEN I COULD TILT FATE IN
MY FAVOR. I COULD MAKE THE
DOCTOR'S HANDS QUICKER. I COULD
MAKE THE MEDICINE WORK BETTER.

KANSAS... KANSAS BACK THEN MEANT
SUMMER VACATION. HENRY AND EM HAD A
ROOM JUST FOR ME, EVEN THOUGH WE
ONLY STOPPED THERE ONCE A YEAR. AND
THEY HAD TOYS, TOO, THAT ONLY CAME
OUT OF THE CEDAR CHEST WHEN THE GALE
CLAN CAME TO VISIT.

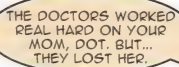
KANSAS WAS JUST A STOPOVER. SMELL
THE HORSES, FEED THE CHICKENS, WAVE
GOODBYE. NOW IT WOULD ALWAYS BE
FLASHING LIGHTS, THE HORRIBLE SMELL
OF THAT HOSPITAL, THE LONG, EMPTY,
ENDLESS ROAD BACK TO THE FARM, AND
WAITING. WAITING FOREVER FOR
NOTHING GOOD.



DOT? DOT, HONEY...
THAT WAS THE HOSPITAL.
ON THE PHONE JUST
NOW. OH HONEY...



I REMEMBER ORANGE PEKOE TEA FILLING
THE HOUSE. THE WHOLE WORLD CRASHING
AROUND ME, BUT MOSTLY WHAT I COULD
HEAR WAS THE POUNDING OF MY HEART,
THE RUSHING OF MY BLOOD.



THE DOCTORS WORKED
REAL HARD ON YOUR
MOM, DOT. BUT...
THEY LOST HER.



LOST?



SHE'S GONE
ON TO BE WITH YOUR DAD,
DOT. AND THAT'S WHAT'S
BEST FOR HER NOW.

BEST?

MY FACE FELT LIKE RAW RUBBER,
STICKY AND NUMB. I DIDN'T THINK
I'D EVER WANT TO EAT AGAIN.

NOW DOT, DON'T
YOU WORRY. WE LOVE YOU
VERY MUCH, AND WE WANT
YOU TO STAY WITH US, HERE.
ON THE FARM. WE'RE NOT TOO
SURE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS,
BUT YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A
HOME HERE.

OKAY, DOT?
YOU CAN ALWAYS STAY
WITH US. WE NEED TO
TRY AND TAKE THIS AS
A BLESSING.

OKAY?



FIVE YEARS AGO,
WHEN MY LIFE STARTED
TO GO GRAY.



NOW I'M OUT IN THE WILD
BLUE YONDER. I'M TOTALLY
LOST.

I LEFT MY REAL JOURNAL
BACK AT THE HOUSE. NOW
I'M JUST WRITING THIS IN MY
HEAD, TRYING TO KEEP TRACK
OF IT ALL.

I GOT IN THE TRUCK TO GET
AWAY, THEN THERE WAS A
STORM, AND THEN I WAS HERE,
A PLACE THAT LOOKS LIKE THE
SERIOUSLY TRIPPY FUNHOUSE
SHIT YOU SEE WHEN YOU TAKE
THAT PURPLE MAGIC BUTTON
STUFF JASON GOT FROM OLD
PROFESSOR BUE IN LAWRENCE.

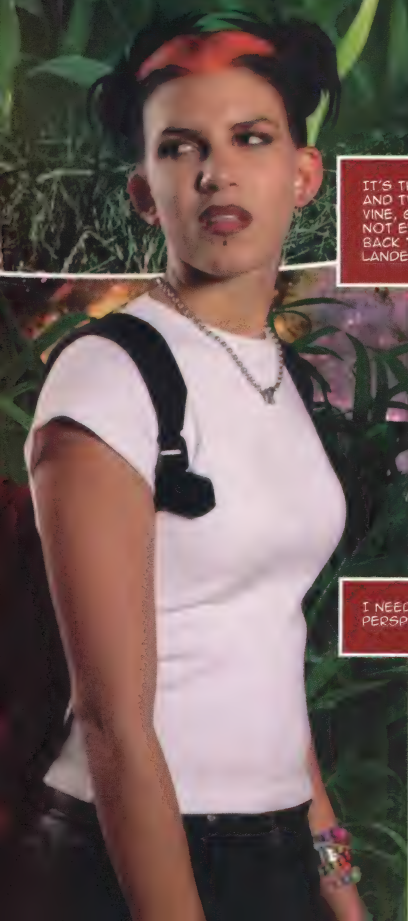
BUT HONESTLY... THIS PLACE
FEELS MORE REAL THAN
KANS-ASS.

THE AIR IS CLEANER, BRIGHTER.
AND IT EVEN... TASTES
A LITTLE LIKE BLUEBERRIES.



AND MY FEET HURT FOR REAL.

I'VE BEEN PUSHING MY WAY
AROUND THIS SWAMP FOR
MORE THAN AN HOUR. EVERY
FIFTY FEET YOU HAVE TO
TURN BACK AND TRY TO FIND
A PATH THAT ACTUALLY
GOES SOMEWHERE.



IT'S THICK WITH GIANT WEEDS
AND TWISTED CLUTCHES OF
VINE, GRASS, WHATEVER. I'M
NOT EVEN SURE HOW TO GET
BACK TO WHERE THE TRUCK
LANDED, NOW.



I NEED TO GET SOME
PERSPECTIVE. OR A MACHETE.

RUNNING AWAY IS JUST
AS HARD AS REAL LIFE.
THAT SUCKS.

A person with dark hair, wearing a white t-shirt, black pants, and a red backpack, is climbing a large, gnarled tree trunk. The background is a vibrant, surreal landscape with a sky filled with orange, yellow, and pink hues, and green grass at the base of the tree. The person is looking up and to the right.

BLUEBERRY AIR. BUT NO
HIGH SCHOOL IDIOTS.

STRANGE ELECTRIC SKY.
BUT NO CURFEW. NO FARM.
NO HENRY. NO E.M.
NO CD PLAYER. NO MAP.
NO DIRECTION...

I'LL FIND A HOUSE, OR
A PUBLIC PHONE, OR EVEN
JUST A ROAD THAT LEADS
OUT OF THIS...

SHIT, GALE.
WHAT HAVE YOU
STEPPED IN
THIS TIME?

Dorothy

CHAPTER 2

LOST

LOST CAUSE. LOST IN SPACE.

LOST AT SEA.

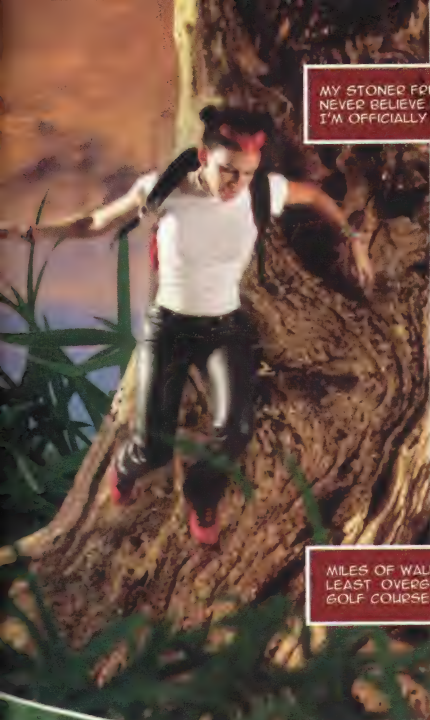
THE LOST ARK. THE LOST BOYS.

LOST KEYS.

LOST IN TRANSLATION.

LOSING IT.

LOSING IT BIG TIME.



MY STONER FRIENDS WOULD NEVER BELIEVE IT, BUT I THINK I'M OFFICIALLY SICK OF GRASS.



MILES OF WALKING TO GO, AT LEAST 'OVERGROWN FRICKIN' GOLF COURSE.

WHAT'D I BRING? JUNK FOR A COUPLE NIGHTS' PARTYING. JEEZ.



NAIL CLIPPERS, ZIPPO LIGHTER, HOUSE KEYS, TWO DEAD BATTERIES, MAKEUP KIT, HAIR BANDS, A DECK OF RATTY CARDS, THAT MACE SPRAY THAT AUNT EM MAKES ME CARRY IN CASE I RUN INTO ANY "SNAKES." WHAT A CORNY OLD WOMAN.

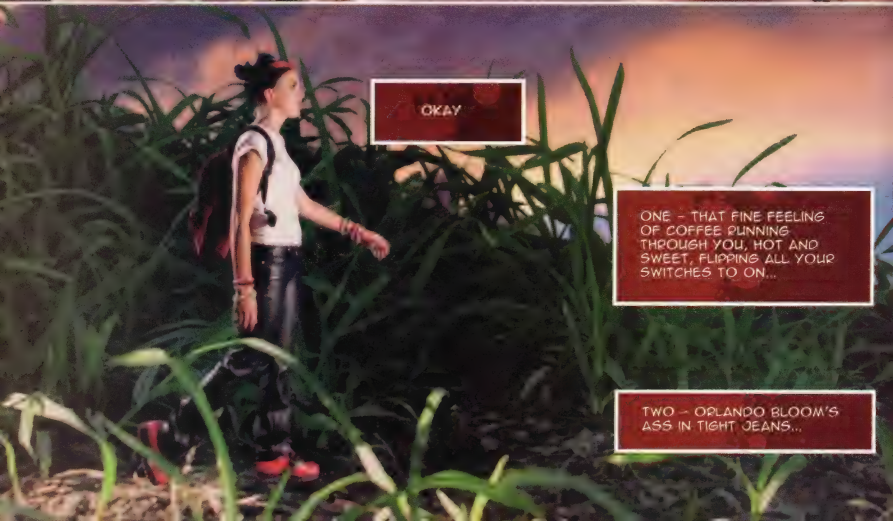
TIN FOIL, HALF A SMOOSHED-UP BABY RUTH BAR, SCRAPS OF PAPER, CLOTH AND A CHEWED-UP PEN.



AND ABOUT 4 OUNCES OF
WATER. WAY TO PLAN AHEAD.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S
GETTING HOTTER OUT HERE
IN THIS LOST WORLD.
FOR FUCK'S SAKE...

KEEP IT FOCUSED, GALE.
THINK GOOD THOUGHTS.



OKAY

ONE - THAT FINE FEELING
OF COFFEE PUNING
THROUGH YOU, HOT AND
SWEET, FLIPPING ALL YOUR
SWITCHES TO ON...

TWO - ORLANDO BLOOM'S
ASS IN TIGHT JEANS...



THE SMELL OF NEW LEATHER
AND RIVETS...

THE GLOW OF A FRESH
CIGARETTE IN THE NIGHT...

KURT COBAIN ON GUITAR...

THAT SOUND...

WHAT'S THAT SOUND?



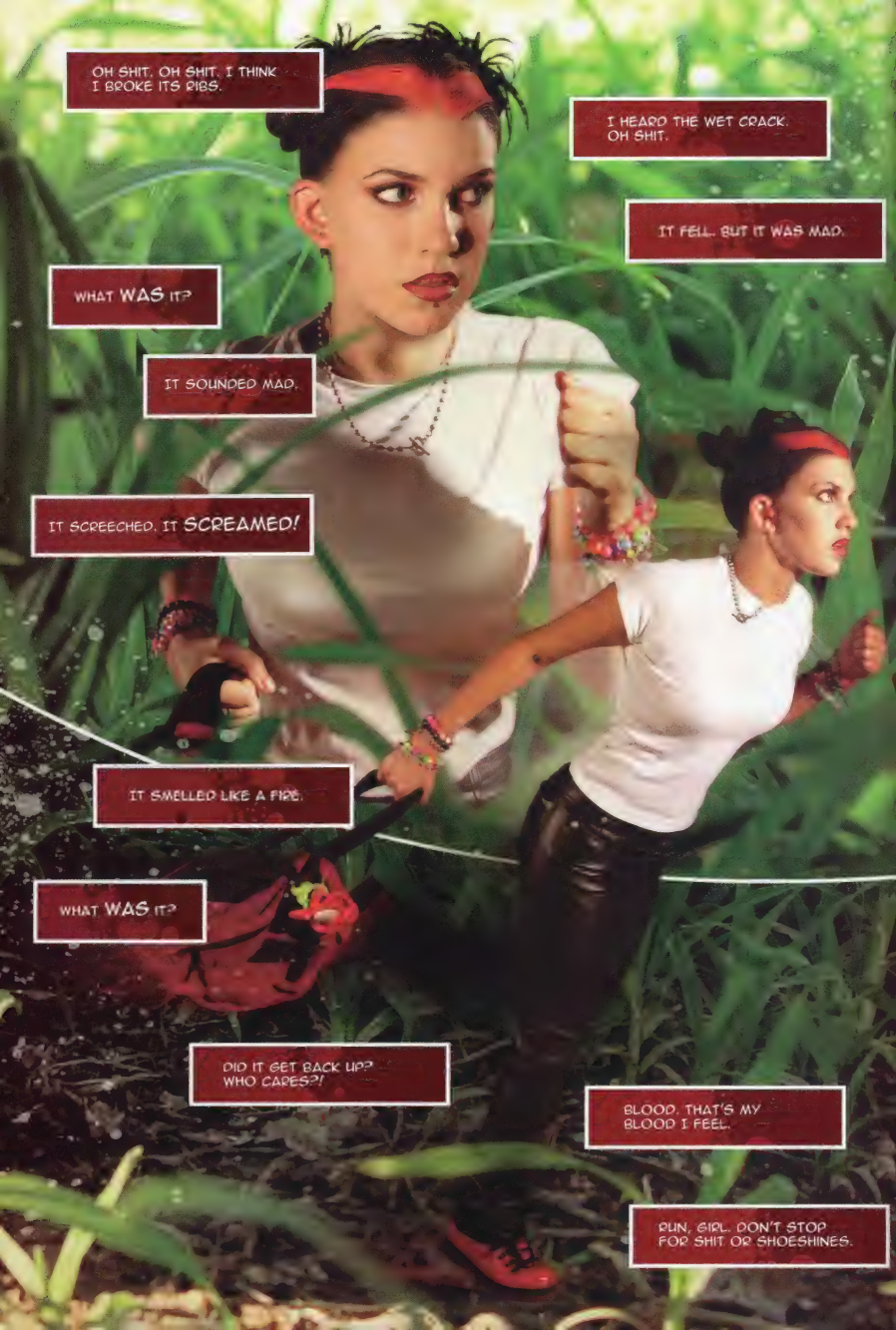
АHHHHH!!!



OW! THE FUCK?

COME ON, CYCLONES,
BIZARRO GRASS,
NOW A FLYING MOOO...

...OOTHERFUCKER!



OH SHIT. OH SHIT. I THINK
I BROKE ITS RIBS.

I HEARD THE WET CRACK.
OH SHIT.

IT FELL. BUT IT WAS MAD.

WHAT WAS IT?

IT SOUNDED MAD.

IT SCREECHED. IT SCREAMED!

IT SMELLED LIKE A FIRE.

WHAT WAS IT?

DID IT GET BACK UP?
WHO CARES?!

BLOOD. THAT'S MY
BLOOD I FEEL.

RUN, GIRL. DON'T STOP
FOR SHIT OR SHOESHINES.



AWW, HELL.



GONNA CRACK MY SKILL
AT THIS RATE, DORKUS.

DO NOT PASS OUT
NOT AGAIN.



YOU WILL HAVE A CONCUSSION
AND THE DEVIL MONKEY WILL
EAT YOU. NOT ACCEPTABLE.



SO EMBARRASSING...

GET A GRIP, SALE.



WHAT TH-?

SHOO!
CLEAR OFF!

GO PLAY WITH
THE OTHER
MONSTERS!

SCRAM,
DOORSTOP!





AHHH!!!



QUIT IT!!!
DAMMIT
THAT TICKLES.
SLIMY JERK.



YOU GOT A NAME,
CALCULATOR
FACE?



"T-O DASH
TWO"? THAT'S
A NAME?
OR IS IT "TWO
SQUARED"? HMM?
HOW ABOUT
"ARTOO-TUTU"? YOU
ROBOTS ARE ALL
ALIKE.



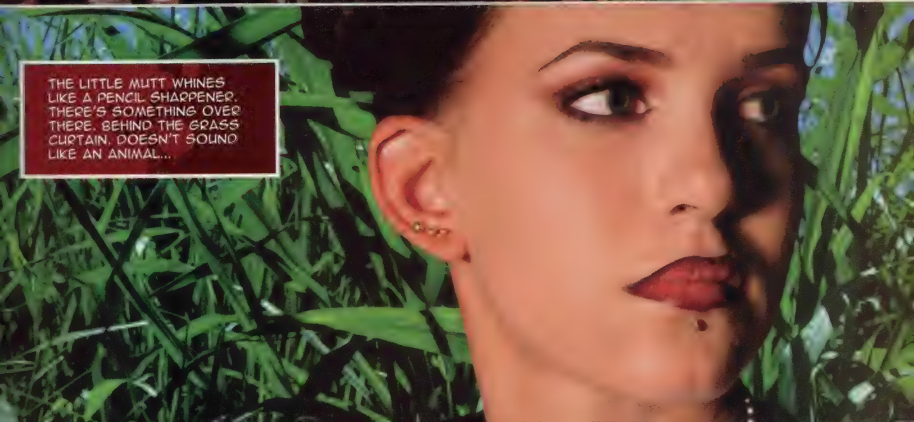
NO? NO
"TUTU"? YOU'RE A BOY
NUISANCE? WHAT ABOUT
"TOE"? YOU NEARLY
BROKE MINE.

"TOE-TOE"?
YOU LIKE THAT YOU
DIM BULB? THAT
SETTLES IT, I'LL CALL
YOU "TOTO" LIKE
THE CRAP BAND.

OKAY, TOTO, LET'S
ROLL. BEFORE BONZO
CATCHES US.

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHERE WE
CAN FIND SOME
ACTUAL PEOPLE,
DO YOU?

I GUESS YOU'RE
LOST, TOO...
WHAT?



THE LITTLE MUTT WHINES
LIKE A PENCIL SHARPENER.
THERE'S SOMETHING OVER
THERE. BEHIND THE GRASS
CURTAIN. DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE AN ANIMAL...

A person's hands, adorned with colorful beaded bracelets and a ring, reach out from the top of the frame towards a dog lying in tall grass. The dog is lying on its side, looking up at the hands. The scene is set in a field of tall, green grass.

SHITFIRE. I KNOW WHAT
THAT SOUNDS LIKE.

WE HAD A NEIGHBOR BACK
EAST, HIS NAME WAS WALTER.
HE SMOKED UNFILTERED LUCKY
STRIKE CIGARETTES BY THE
CARTON AND KEPT ABOUT A
DOZEN CATS. WOUND UP IN
AN IRON LUNG.

I REMEMBER ON HALLOWEEN,
I COULDN'T EVEN GET CANDY
FROM HIS HOUSE -- I RAN
AWAY EVERY TIME. SPOOKED
OUT OF MY MIND BY THE
SOUND OF HIS WHEEZING,
LABORED BREATHS AS HE
TRIED TO ANSWER THE DOOR.

AHUUH...AHUUH...
AHUUH....

OH NO...



WHAT'S WRONG?
ARE YOU HURT?

OR IS THAT JUST YOUR FACE?

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW BAD
I AM SOMETIMES.

M-MIGHTY... MIGHTY...
SORCERESS, PLEASE...



NO... NO. I'M JUST
DOROTHY GALE. PLEASE.
ARE YOU HURT?

WATER...

...WATER...
I PRAY YOU...



THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO
DO. I KNOW THAT BEHIND ME
THERE'S A MONKEY TRYING
TO DRINK MY BLOOD AND AT
MY FEET A DOG THAT COULD
EXPLODE LIKE A COKE CAN IN
THE FREEZER.

NO MATTER HOW FAR I HAVE
TO GO, I STILL HAVE TO BE ME.



IT'S NOT MUCH.

BUT IT BETTER BE ENOUGH.



OH.

I'VE.. I'VE GOT
SOME BABY RUTH,
TOO.

THAT... WAS A
POWERFUL MAGIC,
SORCERESS.

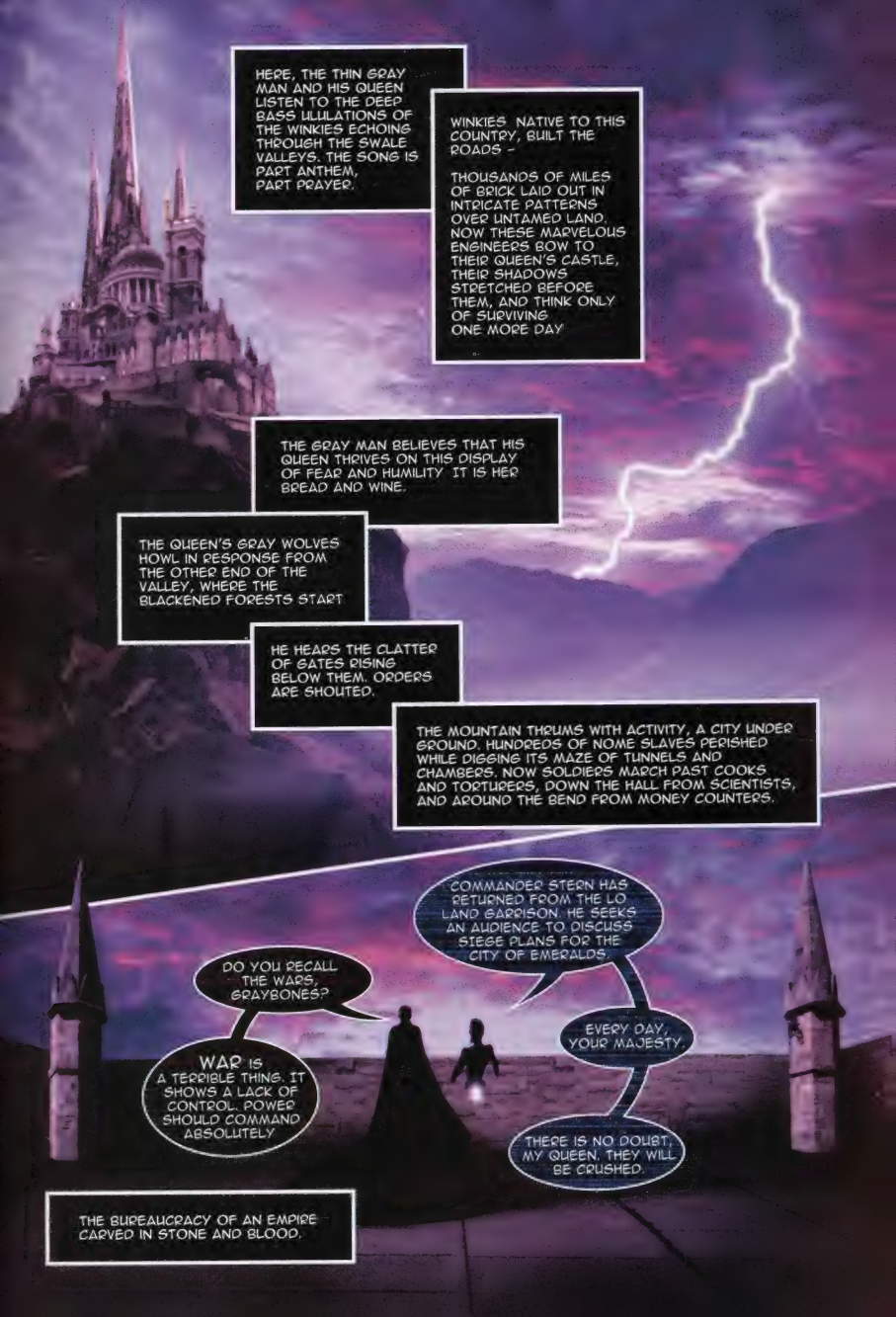
I'M NOT A -- IT
WAS JUST WATER.

HELP ME RISE.

IT'S BEEN SO LONG
SINCE I'VE LOOKED INTO
THOSE EYES, I KNEW YOU
WOULD COME.

WHAT?

YOUNG LADY, I AM A
WITCH. WE KNOW
THESE THINGS...

The background of the top half of the page is a dark, stormy sky with a bright lightning bolt striking down on the right. On the left, a large, ornate castle with multiple spires sits atop a dark, rocky cliff. The scene is atmospheric and ominous.

HERE, THE THIN GRAY MAN AND HIS QUEEN LISTEN TO THE DEEP BASS ULLULATIONS OF THE WINKIES ECHOING THROUGH THE SWALE VALLEYS. THE SONG IS PART ANTHEM, PART PRAYER.

WINKIES, NATIVE TO THIS COUNTRY, BUILT THE ROADS -

THOUSANDS OF MILES OF BRICK LAID OUT IN INTRICATE PATTERNS OVER UNTAMED LAND. NOW THESE MARVELOUS ENGINEERS BOW TO THEIR QUEEN'S CASTLE, THEIR SHADOWS STRETCHED BEFORE THEM, AND THINK ONLY OF SURVIVING ONE MORE DAY.

THE GRAY MAN BELIEVES THAT HIS QUEEN THRIVES ON THIS DISPLAY OF FEAR AND HUMILITY. IT IS HER BREAD AND WINE.

THE QUEEN'S GRAY WOLVES HOWL IN RESPONSE FROM THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY, WHERE THE BLACKENED FORESTS START.

HE HEARS THE CLATTER OF GATES RISING BELOW THEM. ORDERS ARE SHOUTED.

THE MOUNTAIN THRUMS WITH ACTIVITY. A CITY UNDER GROUND. HUNDREDS OF NOME SLAVES PERISHED WHILE DIGGING ITS MAZE OF TUNNELS AND CHAMBERS. NOW SOLDIERS MARCH PAST COOKS AND TORTURERS, DOWN THE HALL FROM SCIENTISTS, AND AROUND THE BEND FROM MONEY COUNTERS.

DO YOU RECALL THE WAR, GRAYBONES?

WAR IS A TERRIBLE THING. IT SHOWS A LACK OF CONTROL. POWER SHOULD COMMAND ABSOLUTELY.

COMMANDER STERN HAS RETURNED FROM THE LO LAND GARRISON. HE SEEKS AN AUDIENCE TO DISCUSS SIEGE PLANS FOR THE CITY OF EMERALDS.

EVERY DAY, YOUR MAJESTY.

THERE IS NO DOUBT, MY QUEEN. THEY WILL BE CRUSHED.

THE BUREAUCRACY OF AN EMPIRE CARVED IN STONE AND BLOOD.



YET THEY
STRUGGLE. I HAVE
EXHAUSTED TOO MANY OF
MY MAGICKAL AND
MECHANICKAL RESOURCES
BATTLING THE WIZARD'S
PEOPLE. BURNED THEM UP
LIKE STRAW.

BUT I WOULD
HAVE ALL THAT POWER
BACK AND MORE IF I
COULD BUT WEAR MY
NECKLACE.

YOUR MAJESTY...
PLEASE, WE HAVE BEEN
SEARCHING FOR
YEARS NOW.



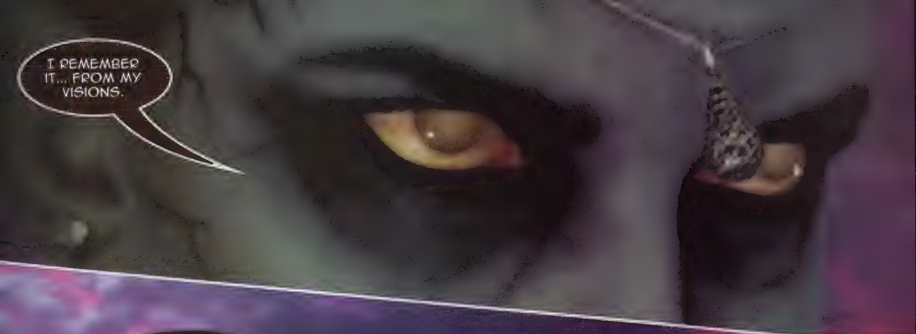
THE COST IS
TREMENDOUS,
PARTICULARLY THE
DESERT TEAMS.

THAT ARTIFACT,
WHATEVER ITS CHARM
OR SPELLS, REMAINS
LOST, AND LIKELY
DESTROYED. TO WASTE
MORE EFFORT...



THE GIRL IS
HERE. HER BLOOD
HAS MINGLED WITH
THE EARTH OF OZ.
I FELT IT.

WE NO LONGER
NEED TO SEARCH THROUGH
RUINED HOVELS IN THE WILD.
SOONER THAN WE LIKE, THE
NECKLACE WILL FIND ITS
WAY TO HER.



I REMEMBER
IT... FROM MY
VISIONS.



SHE WON'T KNOW
HOW THE MAGIC WORKS.
YOUR FEEBLE PACK OF SPIES
CAN LOCATE A FULL-SIZED
STRANGER -- EVEN IF THEY
COULDN'T FIND A SIMPLE
PENDANT OF ARGENTUM
ASTRUM ON A CHAIN!

IF YOUR MAJESTY
HAD THE ENCHANTED
PICTURE... TO SEE
HER WITH...

I HAVE
YOU.

YOUR PRIORITY IS TO
BRING ME MY NECKLACE
BEFORE YOU LOSE MORE
THAN YOUR LEGS!

AND THE THIN GRAY MAN
WONDERS IF THE WIND RUSHING
BY SOUNDS LIKE A HEADSMAN'S
AXE DROPPING, OR JUST THE
SANDS OF TIME RUNNING OUT...



YOU'VE ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME, IN MORE WAYS THAN
YOU KNOW. I CAN'T HIDE
THIS ANY LONGER



ALREADY THE WILD
MONKEYS CAN SENSE IT
YOU MUST TAKE THIS
MY CHILD.



IT LOOKS LIKE A TEARDROP
MADE OF MERCURY, BUT IT'S
ALSO LIKE A DIAMOND. IT
BLURS BETWEEN METAL AND
CRYSTAL, NEVER ONE THING
OR ANOTHER...

WHAT IS IT?

IT'S YOURS.
IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN.
I HAVE MERELY HELD IT
UNTIL YOU ARRIVED.

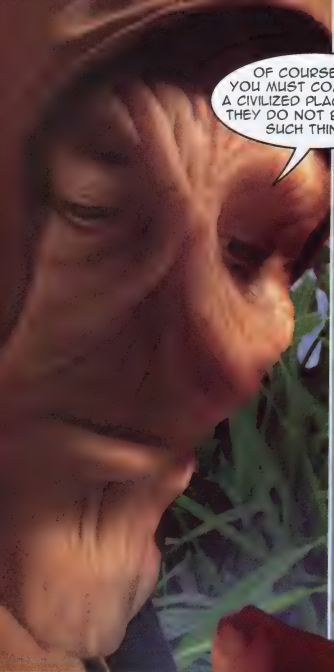
IT'S ALMOST HYPNOTIZING...
IT MOVES, LIKE A MAZE,
OR A DREAM.

I... I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT

I CAN'T ACCEPT
THIS, NOT FOR
WATER...

THIS HAS
ALWAYS BEEN
YOURS.

HOW?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT



OF COURSE NOT
YOU MUST COME FROM
A CIVILIZED PLACE, WHERE
THEY DO NOT BELIEVE IN
SUCH THINGS.



SORT OF
IT'S CALLED KANSAS.
IT'S THE GEOGRAPHICAL
CENTER OF SHIT



LISTEN,
DOROTHY OF KANSAS.
THIS LAND IS CALLED OZ,
AND IT IS A GREAT AND
TERRIBLE PLACE.

IF YOU WOULD NOT
PERISH, WALK WITH THIS
NECKLACE TO THE MUNCHKIN
VILLAGE OF TARA. THEY WILL
RECOGNIZE THE EMBLEM OF
THE FRIEND OF OZ.



AND THEY'LL GIVE ME
A CHEESEBURGER?

AS YOU WALK BY NIGHT,
KEEP THE TWIN STARS IN THE
CORNER OF YOUR RIGHT EYE, UNTIL
EV AND IX ARE HIGHEST ABOVE YOU.
THEN REST IN THE MORNING, KEEP
YOUR SHADOW TO YOUR
LEFT; AFTER NOON, TO
THE RIGHT

WITH ONE DAY OF
SWIFT, HARD WALKING, YOU
SHOULD REACH AN OASIS
OF PLENTY...

AFTER TAKING YOUR EASE,
IN THE SAFETY OF THOSE WATERS,
EATING OF THE PLENTY THEREBY, PREPARE
FOR ANOTHER DAY'S MARCH. THERE IS STILL
A COBBLED BLUE ROAD THAT LEADS TO TARA
IN THE WOODS NEAR THERE. FOLLOW IT AND
WHEN YOU ARRIVE, SPEAK TO A
MUNCHKIN NAMED BOQ.

BOQ. WATER ANYTHING
ELSE? ANY CHEESEBURGERS?
ANY CHANCE OF BARBECUE
SAUCE?



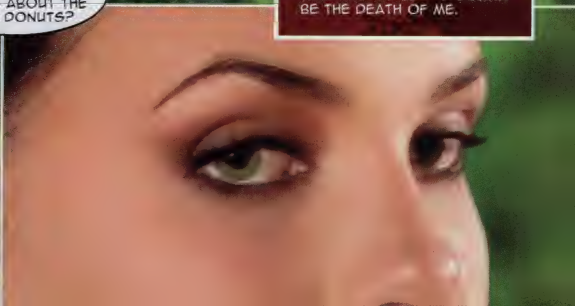


YOU'VE BECOME A
BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN,
DOROTHY IT'S ALL TRUE
AT LAST



WHO'S - WHAT'S A
MUNCHKIN? ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT THE
LITTLE DONUTS?

THIS KIND OF SHIT IS GONNA
BE THE DEATH OF ME.





YOU KNOW WHAT,
TOTO? I KNEW THAT WOULD
HAPPEN. BECAUSE SHE WAS A
WITCH. AND WITCHES MESS
WITH YOUR HEAD. DON'T
FORGET IT

HEY, I NEVER HAD
A DOG BEFORE. KNOW
WHAT I HAD BACK ON
THE FARM?

I HAD A CHICKEN.

I KNOW WHAT MY DAD WOULD
SAY. THE LESSON HE LEARNED
FROM HIS GRANDFATHER:
"A SALE ACCEPTS WHAT
COMES, DOT, AND EXPECTS
THERE'LL BE MORE."

AND I'D SAY, "DAD! THERE
ARE TWO MOONS! THEY'RE
NAMED EV AND IX!"

AND HE'D SAY, "HOW MUCH
DIFFERENCE DOES THAT MAKE
TO YOUR FEET?"

EVER TRIED TO
WALK A CHICKEN? THEY
DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO
LEASHES.

THE FLOWERS REMAIN
INCREDIBLY HIGH. I JUST
HOPE WE DON'T RUN INTO
ANY MORE WEIRDOS.





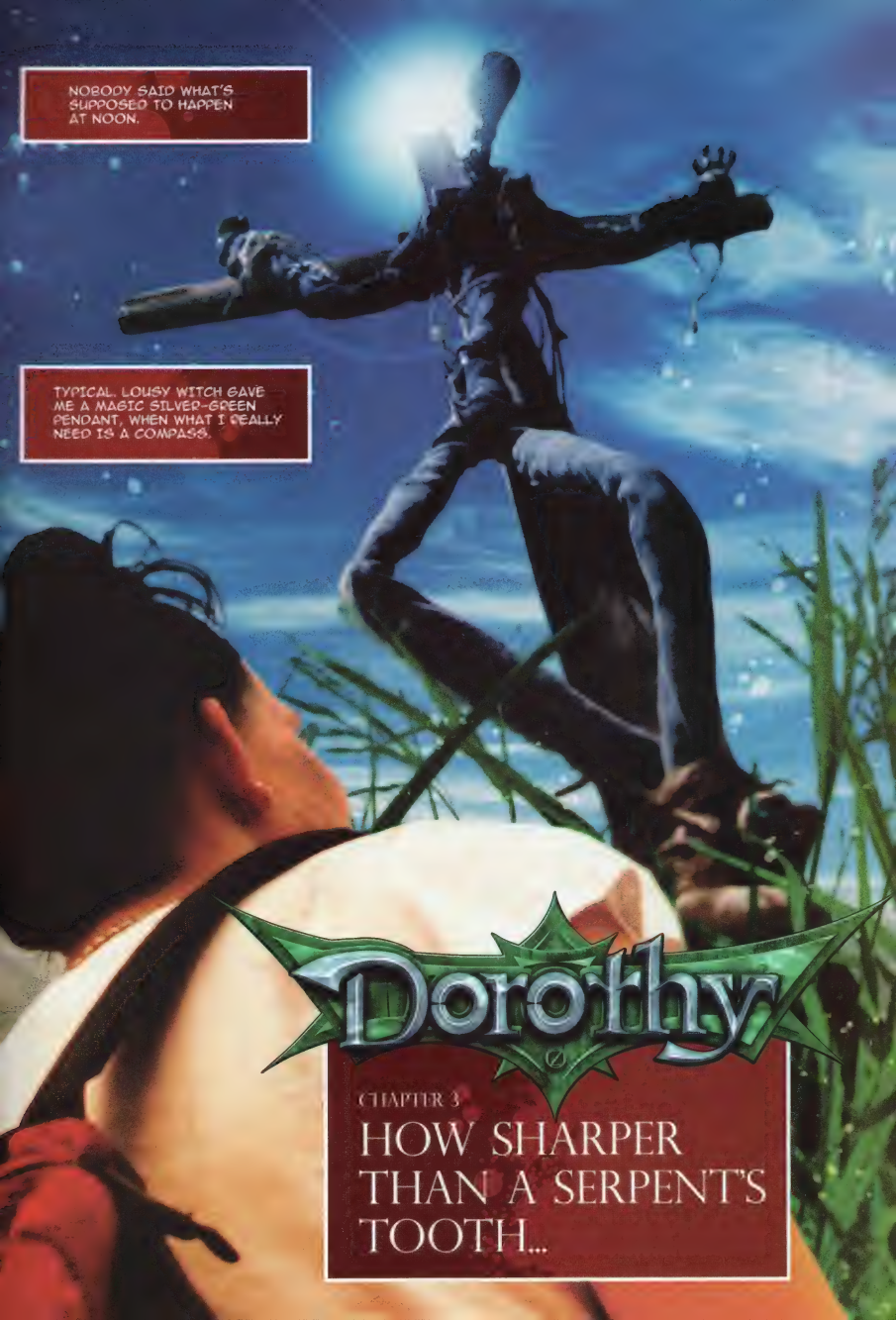


OKAY, OZ. NO FOOLING
AROUND THIS TIME.

I'M A CRANKY, HUNGRY,
TWO-FISTED MOMMA WITH
NOTHING TO LOSE, HIKING TO
A MUNCHKIN VILLAGE, AND I'M
GETTING CRANKIER AND
HUNGRIER BY THE MINUTE.

WHEN THE GOING GETS
TOUGH, YOU BETTER GET
THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY.

ACCORDING TO THE OLD
WITCH'S DIRECTIONS, MY
SHADOW SHOULD BE TO THE
LEFT IN THE MORNING, AND ON
MY RIGHT TOWARDS EVENING.



NOBODY SAID WHAT'S
SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN
AT NOON.

TYPICAL LOUSY WITCH GAVE
ME A MAGIC SILVER-GREEN
PENDANT, WHEN WHAT I REALLY
NEED IS A COMPASS.

Dorothy

CHAPTER 3

HOW SHARPER
THAN A SERPENT'S
TOOTH...



LET'S START OVER.
I'M OFF TO FIND A MAN
NAMED BOQ. OR BOZ.



ANYWAY, I KEEP THE BIG
MOON EV TO MY RIGHT AND I
WALK IN THE MORNING WITH
MY SHADOW... WAIT



I KNOW I TAKE THE BLUE
ROAD, BUT BEFORE THAT
THERE'S A POND... RIGHT?

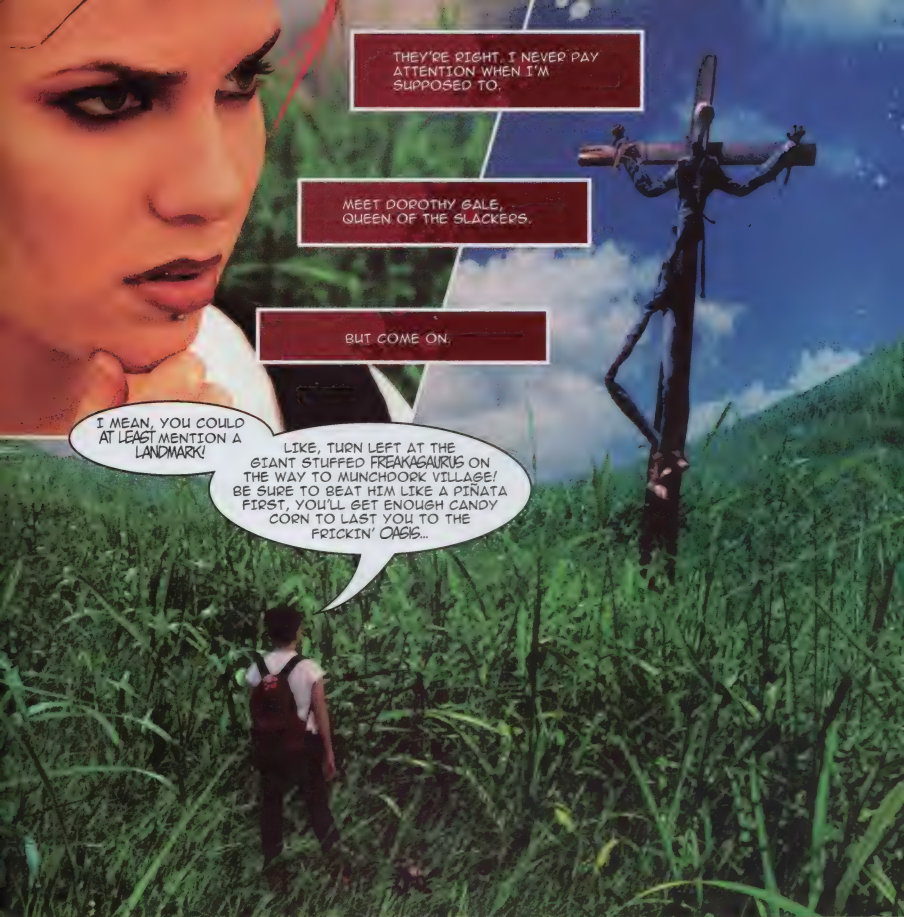


SMART-ASS DOG.



OKAY, I KEEP THE MOONS
ABOVE ME, AND "I" BEFORE
"E" EXCEPT AFTER "C".

THIS IS BULLSHIT.



THEY'RE RIGHT. I NEVER PAY
ATTENTION WHEN I'M
SUPPOSED TO.

MEET DOROTHY GALE,
QUEEN OF THE SLACKERS.

BUT COME ON.

I MEAN, YOU COULD
AT LEAST MENTION A
LANDMARK!

LIKE, TURN LEFT AT THE
GIANT STUFFED FREAKAGAUUS ON
THE WAY TO MUNCHOORK VILLAGE!
BE SURE TO BEAT HIM LIKE A PINATA
FIRST, YOU'LL GET ENOUGH CANDY
CORN TO LAST YOU TO THE
FRICKIN' OASIS...



DID YOU SPEAK?

THIS SHOULDN'T
SURPRISE ME.



THE VOICE IS HUSKY, SOFT,
LIKE THE WIND THROUGH A
WHEAT FIELD. HE'S GOT A
BABY'S WIDE EYES.

I CAN ASSISTIMATE
YOUR JOURNEY,
YOUNG MISS!

WHAT? YOU KNOW
WHERE THE LITTLE
DONUT PEOPLE LIVE?

IN DOUBLY BUBBLY!

I JUST WISH HE MADE SENSE.

YOU SEEM
ABSOMUNDLY
CERTILOSTITUDE.
LET ME BE YOUR
GUIDE!

I NEVER GET TIRED,
AND I CAN'T BE HURT.

YOUR GOAL LIES
THAT WAY, OR MY
NAME'S NOT BURT.



IS YOUR
NAME BURT?

NO.

HOW LONG YOU
BEEN UP THERE,
ANYWAY?

OOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOH... ABOUT AS
LONG AS I'VE BEEN
UP HERE.

SO HOW DO YOU
KNOW YOUR WAY
AROUND?

MONKEYS POOP
ON MY HEAD.

USELESS.



ALLOW ME TO
PEDAMBULATE WITH
YOU. THIS PLACE
HOLDS ME BACK.

YOU DON'T
SAY

I HOPE TO BE A
GREAT MAN, ONCE
I HAVE MY... I NEED
SOME... OH, HEAD
THINGS.

LICE?

NO...NO... IN THE
HEAD. STARTS
WITH A "B", I
THINK.

BULLSHIT?

YES! I WOULD
LIKE TO FIND
SOME BULLSHIT
PLEASE.

DOUBLE USELESS.
BEEN OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG.



LOOK, I'VE GOT
TO GO, PAL.
STAY OUT OF
THE HOT SUN.

IF I COME
BACK THIS WAY
I'LL BRING YOU
A HAT



I USED TO HAVE
A HAT. I THINK IT
BLOOMED OVER THERE,
IN THAT GARDEN.

I USED TO HAVE A
LOT OF THINGS.



OKAY... BYE. SAY HI
TO ALL THE OTHER
MORONS DOWN IN
MORONVILLE.

OKAY,
BYE,
MISS.



HE SEEMS NICE ENOUGH, BUT IF I
WANTED IDIOTS LEADING ME,
I COULD'VE STAYED IN KANSAS.

YOU KNOW, WHEN BOYS GO ON
ADVENTURES, THEY GET TO MEET
MERLIN AND GANDALF.
I GET GILGIAN ON A STICK.



HOW LONG I'VE BEEN WALKING?
TOO LONG. NO ROAD YET. MY
SHADOW IS IN FRONT OF ME.
THANK GOD FOR DOC MARTEN'S.

OZ... IS A BIG FRICKIN' PLACE.

THE DOG'S MOTOR'S BEEN
WHINING SINCE WE LEFT THE
HOLLOW MAN, BUT I THINK IT
JUST NEEDS AN OIL CHANGE...

OH WOW



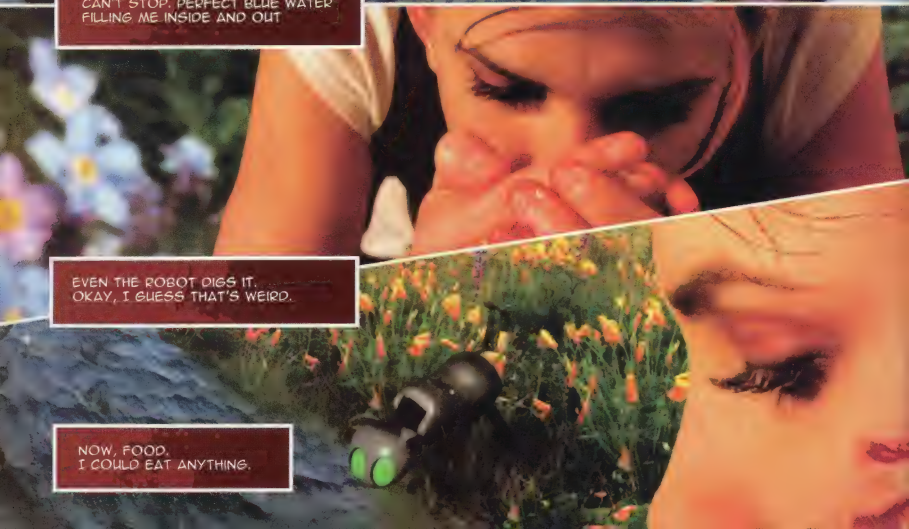
IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
BLUE I'VE EVER SEEN. BLUER
THAN JASON'S EYES. BLUER
THAN... FUCK.

BLUE. BLUER THAN BLUE.



NEVER NEEDED WATER LIKE I
NEED IT NOW. BLUE, DIDN'T KNOW
HOW THIRSTY I WAS.

CAN'T STOP. PERFECT BLUE WATER
FILLING ME INSIDE AND OUT



EVEN THE ROBOT DIGS IT.
OKAY, I GUESS THAT'S WEIRD.

NOW, FOOD.
I COULD EAT ANYTHING.



NO, I COULD NEVER...

I...

I COULDN'T

MY STOMACH JABS
AT ME. HARD.

MAYBE.



YOU'RE IN A TWILIGHT ZONE
DIMENSION, GALE. MAYBE THE
BUGS HERE TASTE LIKE GUMDROPS
AND GIRL SCOUT COOKIES...



OH NO. NO. BAD IDEA.



I'VE LOST IT I'M DOWN AS
FAR AS I CAN GET

PEOPLE DON'T RUN AWAY
FROM HOME SO THEY CAN
EAT BUGS.

MAYBE I MADE A MISTAKE.

ANOTHER BLUEBERRY
BREEZE COMES IN OVER
THE WATER, AND I
ACTUALLY FEEL GOOD.
JUST LIKE THAT JUST FOR
A MINUTE. (I LISTEN TO THE
GUSH OF THE BROOK AND
THE CRASH OF THE FALLS.)
I CAN FEEL THE PULL OF
THE SILVER-GREEN
NECKLACE, AND IT'S A
GOOD WEIGHT

IT'S RIGHT

WHEN I NOTICE IT THERE'S
LIKE...

I DUNNO...

SOME KIND OF MUSIC
INSIDE ME.

MUSIC ONLY I CAN HEAR
IT'S LIKE THE WARM, SAFE
BUZZ YOU GET IN YOUR
CHEST AFTER SOMEONE
KISSES YOUR FOREHEAD
GOODNIGHT AND THIS
MUSIC, THIS BUZZ, IT'S
MAKING ME STRONGER...

OR AT LEAST I FEEL
STRONGER IF I LET MY
MIND DRIFT, I SENSE THAT
VIBRATION INSIDE ME AND I
ACHE LESS.

THE BREEZE DOESN'T STING
AS MUCH ON MY CUTS.

I'M MORE... STURDY

I DON'T FEEL NEARLY AS
BAD AS YOU'D THINK I
WOULD.

I FEEL LIKE A KID AGAIN.

WISE UP GALE.

YOU'RE STILL STARVING.

THE WITCH SAID SOMETHING
ABOUT FOOD AT THE
OASIS. SEE IF YOU CAN
FIND A TREE WITH SOME
FRUIT THINGS ON IT

I MADE IT.

I'M OFF THE FARM.

I'M FAR AWAY FROM THE
NAGGING AND THE BULLSHIT
AND THE PEDNECKS.

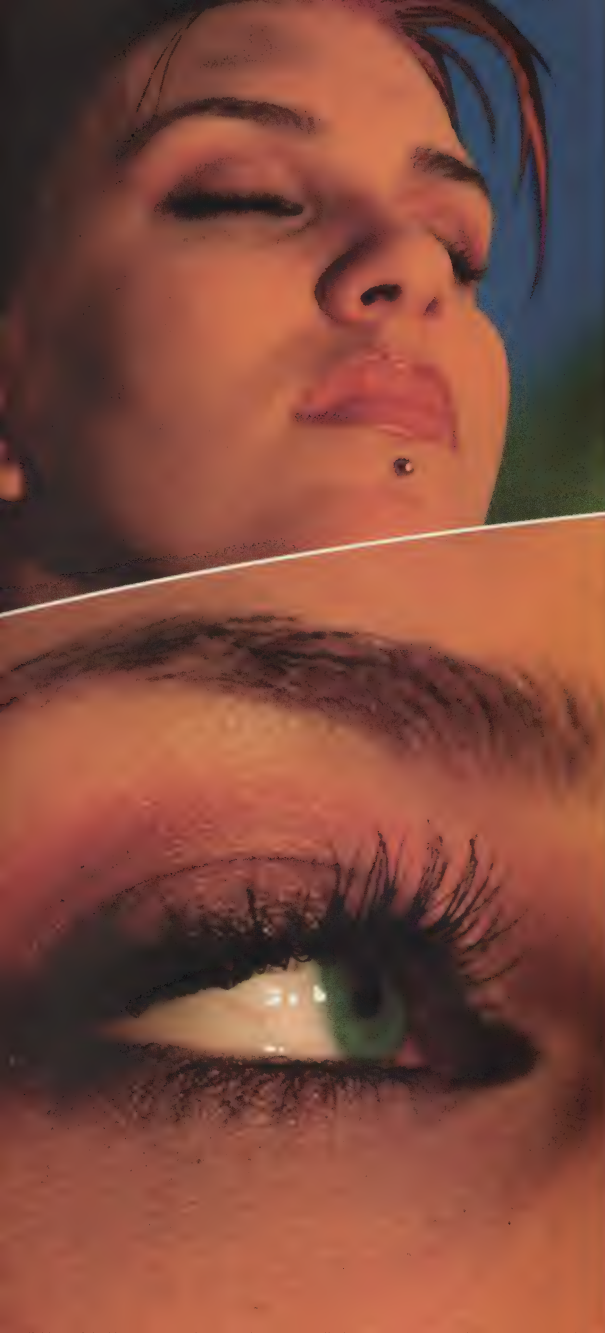
THAT'S WORTH IT RIGHT?

ON MY OWN.

JUST LIKE I WANTED.

I COULD MURDER A
FRICKIN' APPLE.





THEN I TRY TO STAND UP,
AND IT ALL HITS ME AT
ONCE.

THE TIRED.

OVERWHELMING.

SUDDEN. LIKE A CYCLONE.

IT JUST DROPS ON ME:

EVERY MILE I'VE CROSSED,
EVERY MINUTE IN THIS WEIRD
PLACE, WAY DEEP IN MY
BONES.

I'M DONE. FINISHED - JUST
LIKE THAT.

WANT TO COLLAPSE RIGHT
HERE. BUT THAT WOULD NOT
BE COOL.

MIGHT BE MONKEY
COUNTRY.

GOTTA MOVE.

GOTTA MOVE TO SURVIVE.
CAN'T MOVE. NOT WORTH IT.

MY EYELIDS ARE MADE OF...
LEAD. TWICE WHAT'S IN MY
LESS. DRAGGING.

WANT TO DISSOLVE INTO
THE EARTH, SO COMPLETELY
UNDERGROUND. PLEASE.

DEAD TIRED....

NO. NEVER SAY DIE.

IT TAKES A THOUSAND
ELEPHANTS, BUT I OPEN MY
EYES.

THERE'S A SHADOW
BEYOND THAT CRYSTAL
BLUE WATERFALL. A DEEPER
DARKNESS. BLACK
DOORWAY COULD BE A
CAVE.

HAS TO BE A CAVE.

SO TIRED I CAN BARELY
THINK STRAIGHT

JUST LAY DOWN FOR A
LITTLE WHILE.

THAT'S ALL I NEED.

I CAN MAKE IT.

I CAN MAKE IT THROUGH THE
WATER. IF I HAVE TO. CAN
HIDE THERE.

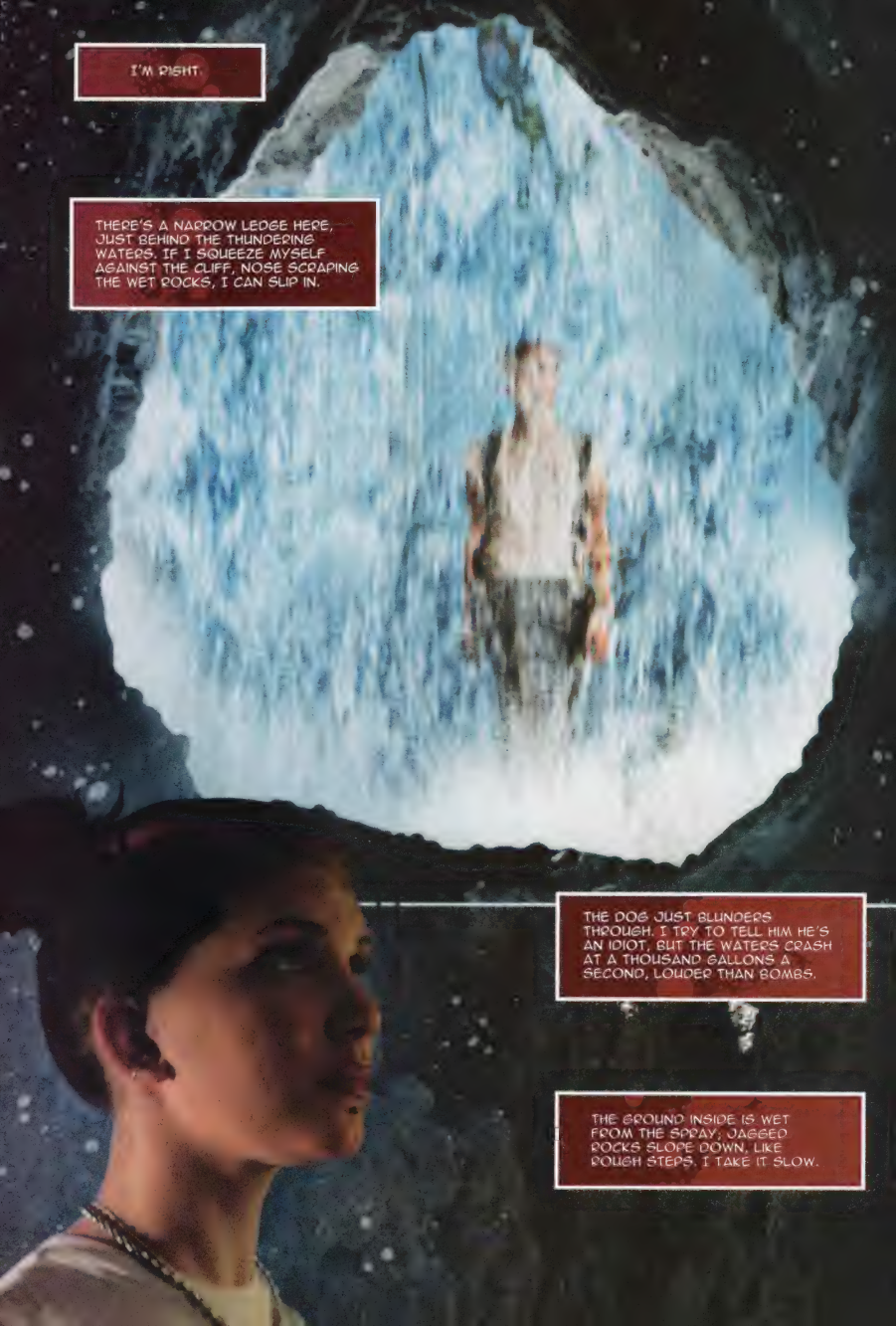
CAVE.

CAVE GIRL SLEEP.

WHY NOT? WON'T GET A
BETTER OFFER.

A SOLID, SAFE ROOF OVER
MY HEAD.

DARKNESS FOR BLANKETS.

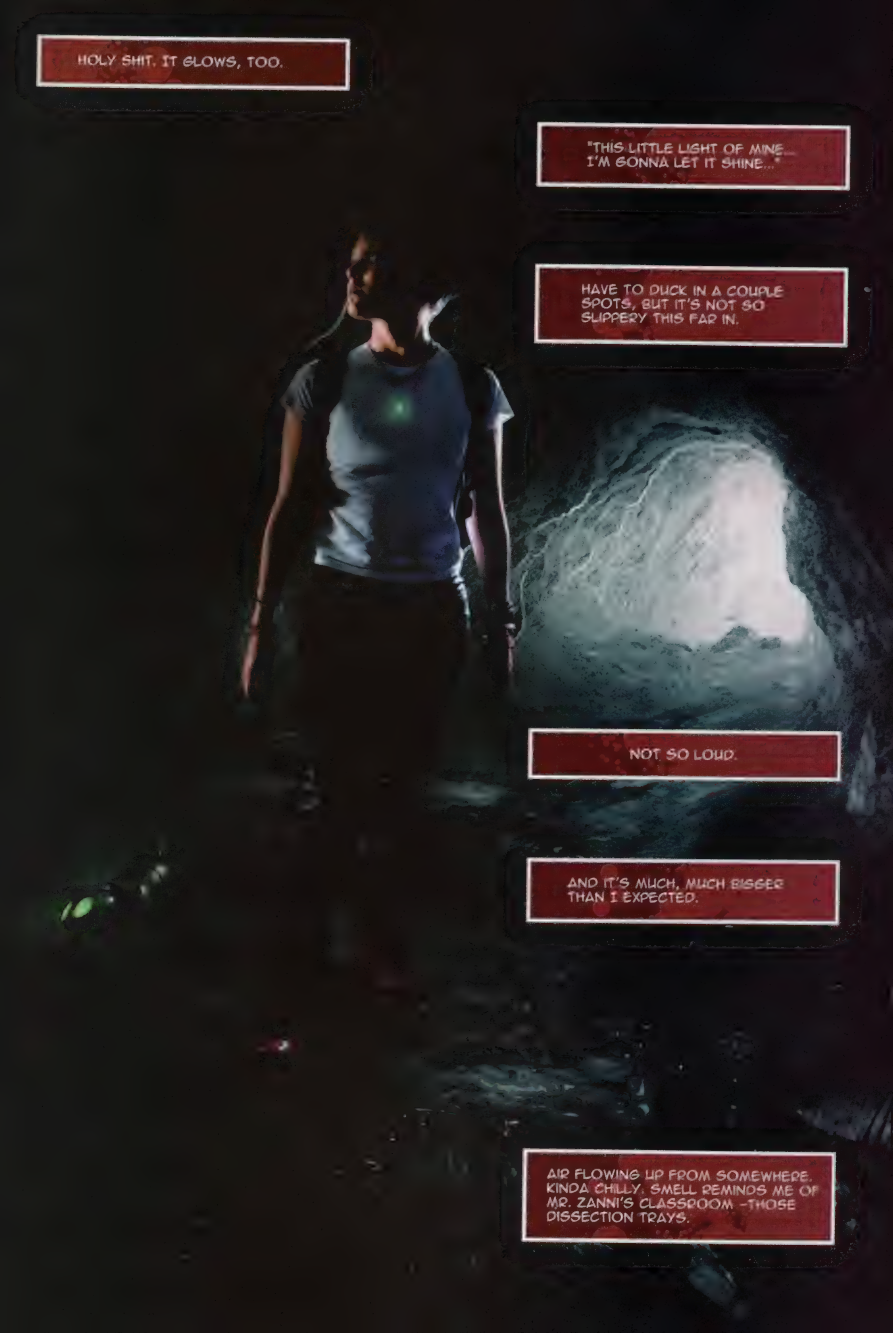


I'M RIGHT.

THERE'S A NARROW LEDGE HERE, JUST BEHIND THE THUNDERING WATERS. IF I SQUEEZE MYSELF AGAINST THE CLIFF, NOSE SCRAPING THE WET ROCKS, I CAN SLIP IN.

THE DOG JUST BLUNDERS THROUGH. I TRY TO TELL HIM HE'S AN IDIOT, BUT THE WATERS CRASH AT A THOUSAND GALLONS A SECOND, LOUDER THAN BOMBS.

THE GROUND INSIDE IS WET FROM THE SPRAY. JAGGED ROCKS SLOPE DOWN, LIKE ROUGH STEPS. I TAKE IT SLOW.



HOLY SHIT. IT BLOWS, TOO.

"THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE...
I'M GONNA LET IT SHINE..."

HAVE TO DUCK IN A COUPLE
SPOTS, BUT IT'S NOT SO
SLIPPERY THIS FAR IN.

NOT SO LOUD.

AND IT'S MUCH, MUCH BIGGER
THAN I EXPECTED.

AIR FLOWING UP FROM SOMEWHERE.
KINDA CHILLY. SMELL REMINDS ME OF
MR. ZANNI'S CLASSROOM - THOSE
DISSECTION TRAYS.



BLUE WATER FLIES OFF
THE TINY MUTT

I'M STILL ON THE RIGHT ROAD,
I THINK.

BUT THE WITCH DIDN'T THINK I'D
FIND THIS OASIS THIS SOON. A
BLUE COBBLED ROAD, SHE SAID.
WATER'S BLUE.

JUST NEED SOME REST.

I WONDER...

I DON'T KNOW.

A person is sleeping on a couch, their head resting on a cushion. The scene is dimly lit, with a warm, reddish-brown glow. On the floor next to the couch, a small, glowing skull-shaped object is visible. The overall atmosphere is somber and reflective.

JUST A LITTLE NAP.
NO STARBUCKS ALL DAY.

WHAT A DAY...

FREAKASAUROS.

NOON.

BLUE.

APPLES.

DEEP DARKNESS OPENS,
STRETCHING WITHOUT END.
OUR MEMORIES GUIDE US
LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE TOWER,
THEN DISAPPEAR BENEATH
A BLOODSOAKED SHOWER.
ONLY YOUR MEMORY GLOWS
IN ME, DEAR FRIEND.

—CHARLES BAUDELAIRE,
"EVENING HARMONY"



SHE DREAMS OF THE LITTLE
GIRL SHE ONCE WAS, ALL
ALONE, TRACING OUT HER
NAME IN THE DIRT WITH A
WHITE SNEAKER.

IT'S BEEN WEEKS NOW,
SINCE THEY DIED. SHE
HARDLY EVER CRIES.

BUT THERE'S STILL A COLD
GRAY LUMP INSIDE THAT
WAKES HER UP IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, AND...

I FOUND THIS
FELLOW IN THE
CEDAR CHEST

I THINK HE USED
TO PLAY WITH
YOUR FATHER

WOW



YOUR UNCLE
AND I...

WELL, HE'S A
SCARECROW, SLEEP LIKE
IN THE FIELD THERE.
MAYBE HE CAN SCARE
OFF ALL THOSE BAD
DREAMS OF YOURS.

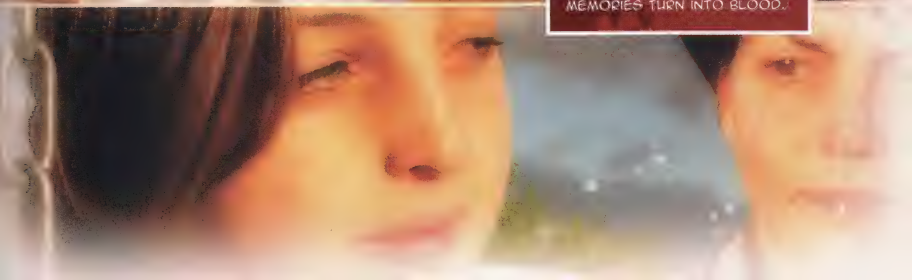


THANK YOU, AUNT EM.
I'LL KEEP HIM FOREVER

I LOVE
YOU.

AND SHE HELD HIM FOREVER,
BUT THERE'S ONLY SCRAPS
LEFT NOW AT THE BOTTOM
OF A RED BACKPACK.
SCRAPS. SCRAPS OF LOVE.

BECAUSE THAT'S GROWING UP.
TIME TURNS INTO OUR LIVES.
OUR LIVES TURN INTO MEMORY.
MEMORIES TURN INTO BLOOD.





YESSSS.



IT'S NOT THE VOICE THAT WAKES ME, IT'S THE COLD BREATH RIPPLING ACROSS MY SHOULDER.



YESSSS. THE SCENT WAS NO LIE, SUCH INNOCENT BLOOD, SO POWERFUL... WELCOME...

MOTHER FUCK....



SHE MUST HAVE SENT YOU
YES, YOU WERE SENT AS A
SIGN, A SIGN THAT I AM TO
BE FORGIVEN AT LAST. MY
EXILE IS OVER...

HEY... WHAT'S
THE DEAL,
HANDSOME?

HE'S CRAZY. YOU CAN HEAR
IT IN HIS VOICE. HE'S OVER
THE EDGE.

REJOICE. YOU HAVE
AWAKENED ME. SHE
SENT YOU TO BE MY
RESURRECTION FEAST.
MY HOMECOMING
MORSEL.

HE LOOKS LIKE A DRAGON,
BUT HE PURRS LIKE A TIGER,
AND THOSE EYES... I CAN'T...



NOBODY SENT ME.
I HAVE PLACES TO
GO. I DON'T WANT
TO BE EATEN.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT
WANT IS, CHILD. YOU DON'T
KNOW HUNGER. YOU KNOW
INCONVENIENCE. YOU DON'T
KNOW THE PAINFUL JOY OF
ETERNAL DESIRE....

I CAN
FEED
YOU.

HE'S EVERYWHERE
SUDDENLY. SCALES AND
COILS MOVE LIKE WHIPS,
SURROUNDING ME.



LOOK, LOOK! THIS IS A
BAG FROM ANOTHER
WORLD. THERE'S STUFF IN
HERE YOU'VE NEVER HAD.
FOOD. BETTER THAN ME.

I HAVE ALREADY TASTED
MUCH. THAT WAS MY SIN.
ONCE I WAS A KING, A
PRINCE. MY WEAKNESS.

I TASTED THE FORBIDDEN
AND SHE BANISHED ME.
SSSSSSS. BANISHED TO THE
DEEP PLACES OF OZ, WHERE
TIME IS STRANGE.

SHOW ME.

KEEP HIM TALKING. THINK.



CAN'T CONCENTRATE WITH
ALL THE SLITHERING AND
PURRING AND THOSE EYES
AND ALL I'VE GOT IS A
CRUSHED CANDY B-

OH SHIT. THERE'S JUST THE
WOADDER LEFT. SHIT THE
FUCK. BUY SOME TIME.

THIS... IS CALLED
A BABY RU...

BABY?! I SMELL
NO BABY.

PATHETIC. THIS
"BABY" IS NOT
ENOUGH. NO....

THERE MUST BE
BLOOD. THE TASTE OF
YOU, YOUR MIND SO
FULL OF FIRE...

...BUT IT'S
CHOCOLATE.

FOR THIS HONOR,
I SHALL WEAR YOUR SKULL
AS A CROWN WHEN I MARCH
THROUGH THE EMERALD
GATES. THAT COMFORTS
YOU, NO?

NOT REALLY LOOK. I'VE
GOT SOMETHING YOU'LL
LIKE, REALLY ...

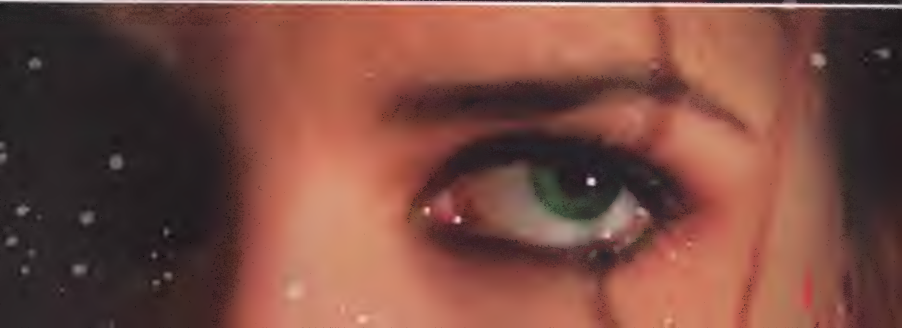
THIS IS CAT AND MOUSE,
AND I'M ON THE WRONG
END OF THE TEETH.



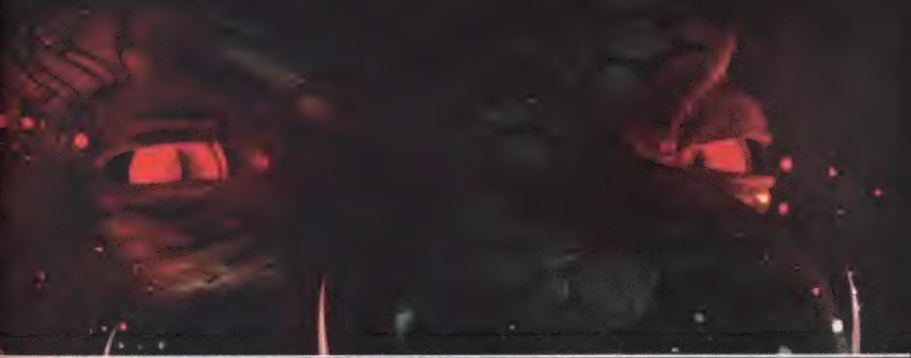
CAN'T GET AWAY... WHAT
CAN I DO UP CLOSE?
SOMETHING. I JUST NEED
TIME. THOSE EYES. SERIAL
KILLER EYES. HUNGRY EYES.



PLAYING CARDS. NO.
MAKEUP. NO.
BATTERIES. NO.
NAIL CLIPPERS. NO. SCRAPS...
NO.
COME ON. GALE.
COME ON.
COME ON...



OH YEAH.



PRETTY MORSEL.
UNDERSTAND, YOU'LL
ALWAYS BE A PART
OF ME...



HERE'S SOMETHING
MY AUNT EM GAVE
ME JUST FOR
SNAKES.

THE PURR BECOMES
A MOTOR BOAT
BECOMES A THUNDERSTORM
AND HE
MOVES
SO
FAST.

TOO FAST.





BUT WHILE MY ARM IS
SCREAMING, I STING BACK..

HE THRASHES AND SLAMS
AGAINST THE WALLS,
SHATTERING ROCK.
WRITHING. NEARLY TAKES
MY HEAD OFF.

OH! OH, YOU
CIVILIZED WITCH!



NYAAAAAHH!
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE?!

GO AHEAD AND
RUN SWEET MEAT!
I'LL FIND YOU.
YOU CAN'T RUN
FAR ENOUGH!

BUT I TRY. I RUN.
IT'S SO...

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE... IT...

I RUN.



NO MATTER HOW FAR I RUN, I STILL
FEEL HIS BREATH ON ME.



AFTER A MILLION MILES, LEGS ARE TOO NUMB TO MOVE. MY ARM'S FULL OF COLD FIRE. CHEST MADE OF ASBESTOS. TRY TO BREATHE AND THE WORLD SPINS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S PROPPING ME UP.



I SWEAR IT LOOKS WORSE THAN IT FEELS.



MOM...DAD... I'M SO SORRY.
I'M SO SORRY I FUCKED UP.



DOG?

TOTO? WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

THE LITTLE TRACTOR TAKES
OVER, HIS ELECTRIC EYES
LIGHTING UP THE SHADOWS. HE
CUTS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE
GRASS. NEVER HESITATES.

I'M STUMBLING LIKE I'M DRUNK,
BUT I KEEP MY EYES FOCUSED
ON THAT LIGHT. I FOLLOW.

GOOD LITTLE DOG.

A woman in a white shirt and dark pants is crouching in a field of tall grass at night. A large, glowing skull is visible in the upper right, and a dinosaur is partially visible in the lower right. The scene is dimly lit with a warm, orange glow.

I GUESS IT'S TIME I REALIZE
I'M NOT ALONE.

PLEASE, MISTER... I
COULD... REALLY USE
A FRIEND... NOW

CAN... CAN I HELP
YOU DOWN FROM
THERE?

Dorothy



www.dorothyofoz.net

Featured in Vol 49, Issue 1 of The Baum Bugle. www.ozclub.org



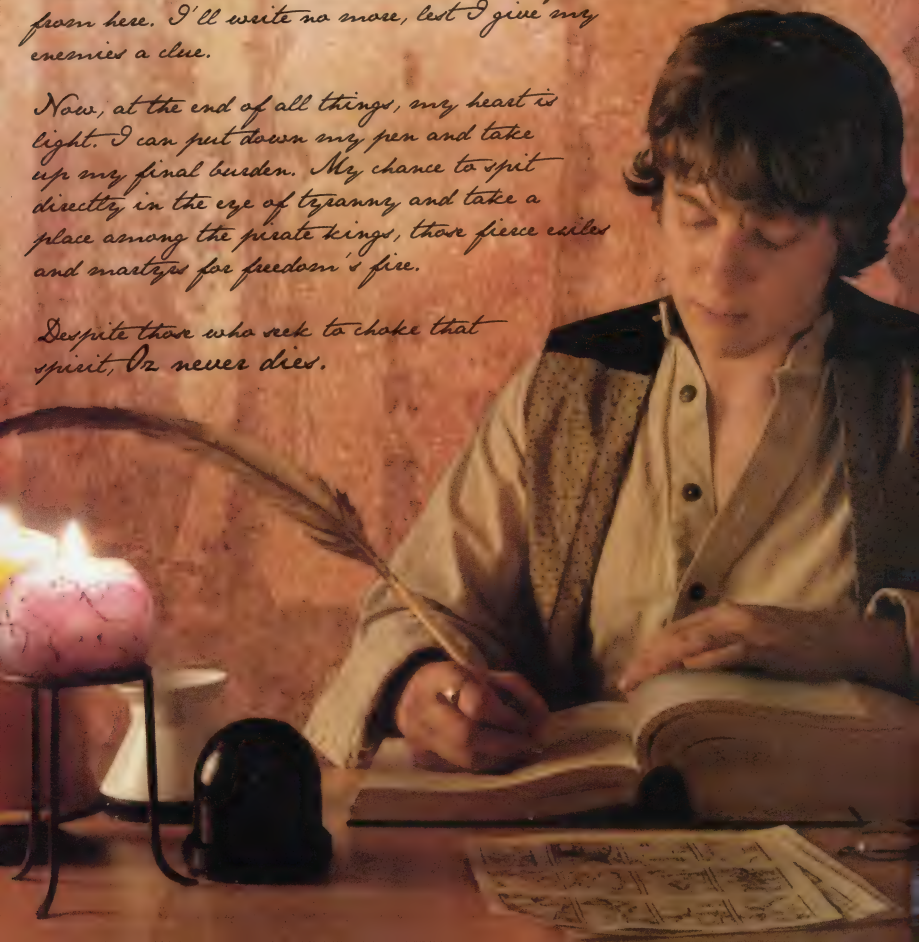
This morning, an emerald eagle flees across the purple dawn, his razored claws gleaming with the sun's gold. I saw him dive to clutch at something quick and red, then disappear into an azure cloud. Even before my eyes caught sight of the gray smoke that heralds the approach of the Western armies, I knew today would be my last day in Oz.

I have made my preparations. The presses are dismantled, my notes are destroyed. No invention remains; there are no records left, no paths for the spies of this burgeoning empire to follow. They will find dust and ink stains only.

And that one who is most dear to me is safe, well away from here. I'll write no more, lest I give my enemies a clue.

Now, at the end of all things, my heart is light. I can put down my pen and take up my final burden. My chance to spit directly in the eye of tyranny, and take a place among the pirate kings, those fierce exiles and martyrs for freedom's fire.

Despite those who seek to choke that spirit, Oz never dies.





OTHERS WILL BUILD ON THE
FOUNDATION WE HAVE LAID, NO MATTER
HOW BLOOD-SOAKED THE STONES.

VIOLENCE ONLY LEADS TO
NIGHTMARES AND HEARTACHE.
I'LL NOT ADD TO IT.

MY FATE AWAITS. I AM PREPARED.
THIS IS A FINE ENDING.

UNTIL THE EMERALD EAGLE
EMERGES ONCE AGAIN FROM THE
AZURE CLOUD,

I REMAIN,

HUMBLY YOURS,





FOR OZ!! AHHHHH!



GET DOWN, M'LORD!!

YOU KNOW, I WASN'T
SURE THIS THING
WOULD REALLY WORK.



COME AWAY,
M'LORD. WE'LL BE IN
QUADLING COUNTRY
BY NIGHTFALL!



NO.



YOU'RE JOKING.

YOU MUST COME.
THERE'S TIME YET TO
ESCAPE THAT WITCH'S
TIN CAN TROOPS...



MALO, YOU WERE TO STAY
WITH HER. IT WAS IMPERATIVE.
IT WAS THE ONLY THING THAT
MATTERED. I... I ASKED YOU
FOR NOTHING ELSE



SHE'S SAFE, LORD.
AS SURE AS I'M...





WAIT. WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

IS THIS PART OF THE STORY?

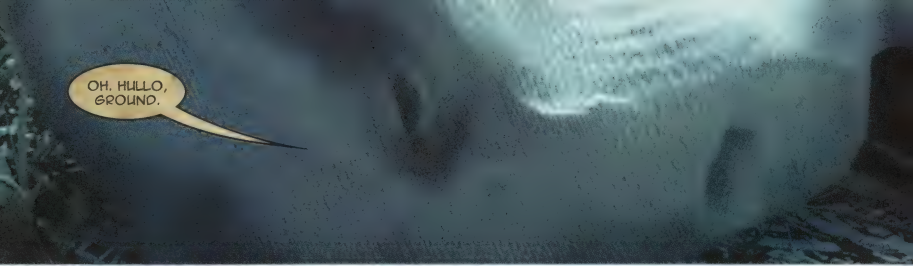
AM I LIVING IT NOW, OR IS IT
IN MY HEAD?

DID I MAKE IT UP?

MAYBE THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN.

MY HEAD IS SO CONFUSED NOW,
OUTSIDE OF TIME.

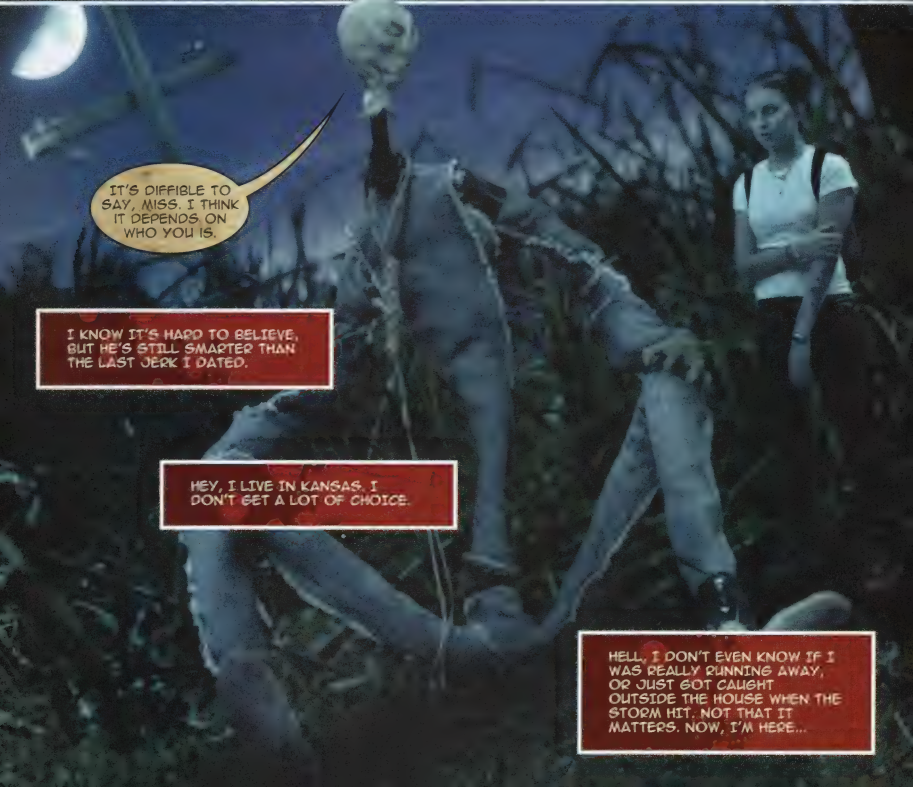
WHO AM I?



OH, HULLO,
GROUND.



ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

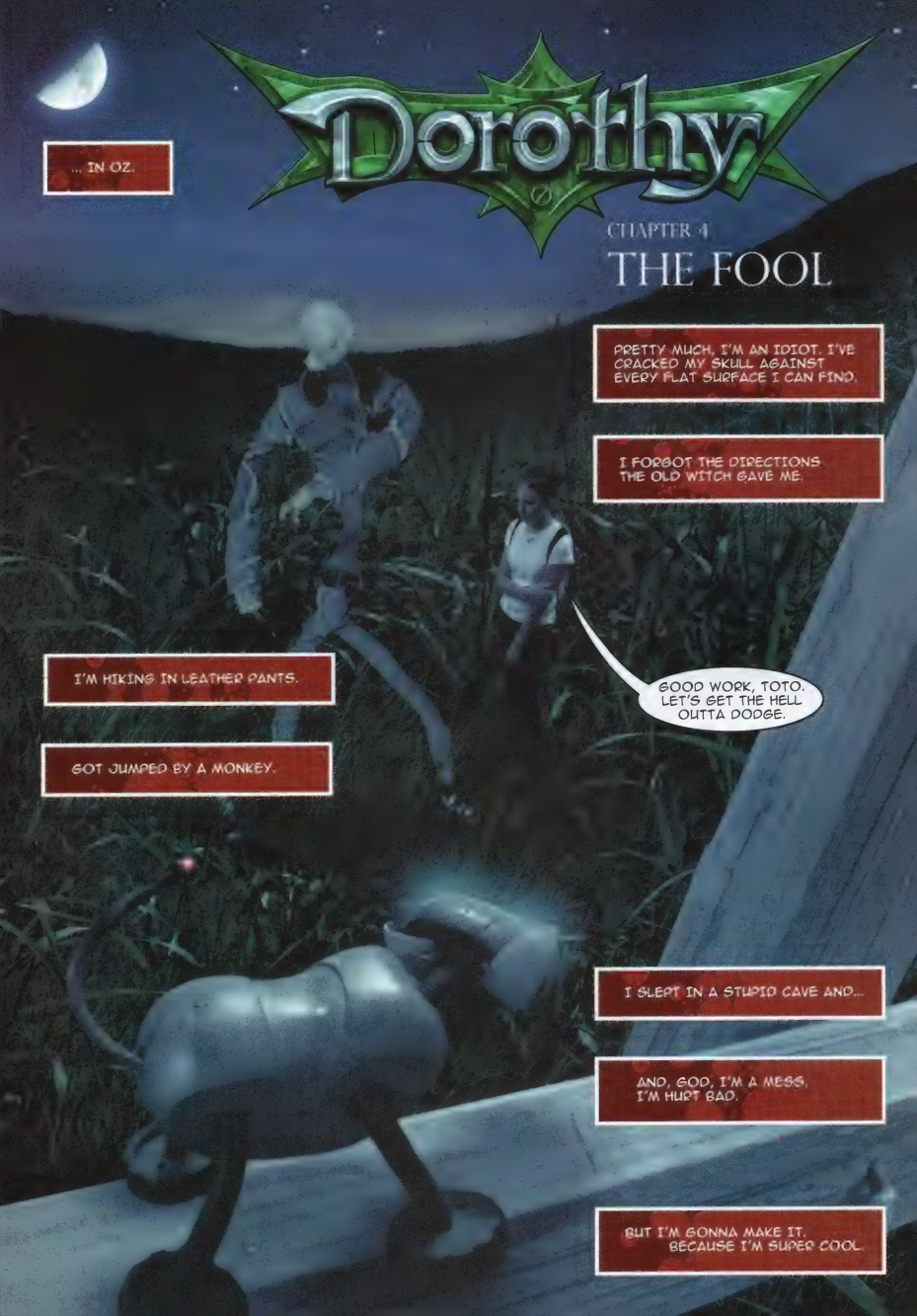


IT'S DIFFIBLE TO
SAY, MISS. I THINK
IT DEPENDS ON
WHO YOU IS.

I KNOW IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE,
BUT HE'S STILL SMARTER THAN
THE LAST JERK I DATED.

HEY, I LIVE IN KANSAS. I
DON'T GET A LOT OF CHOICE.

HELL, I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I
WAS REALLY RUNNING AWAY,
OR JUST GOT CAUGHT
OUTSIDE THE HOUSE WHEN THE
STORM HIT. NOT THAT IT
MATTERS. NOW, I'M HERE...



... IN OZ.

Dorothy

CHAPTER 4

THE FOOL

PRETTY MUCH, I'M AN IDIOT. I'VE
CRACKED MY SKULL AGAINST
EVERY FLAT SURFACE I CAN FIND.

I FORGOT THE DIRECTIONS
THE OLD WITCH GAVE ME.

I'M HIKING IN LEATHER PANTS.

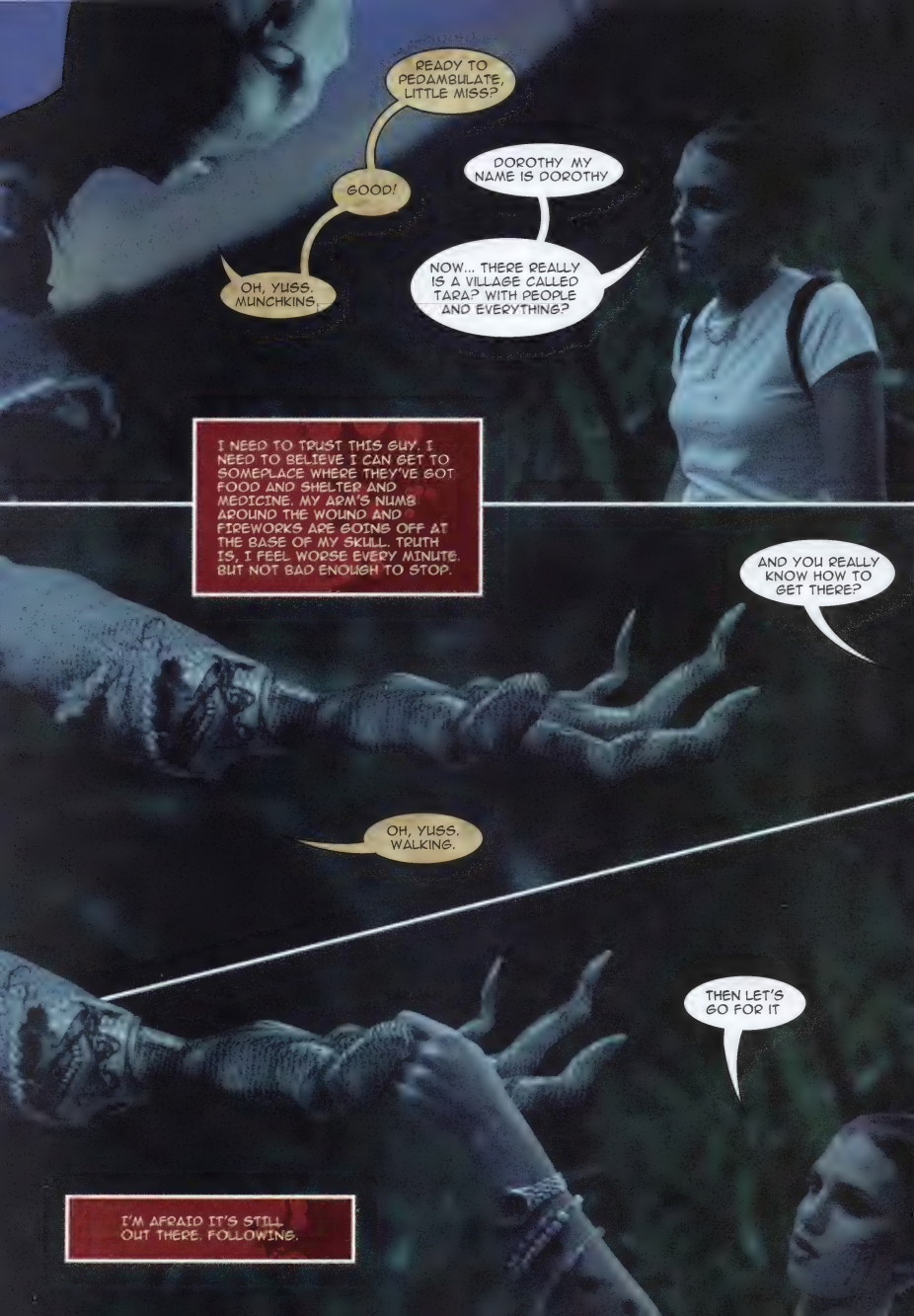
GOT JUMPED BY A MONKEY.

GOOD WORK, TOTO.
LET'S GET THE HELL
OUTTA DODGE.

I SLEPT IN A STUPID CAVE AND...

AND, GOD, I'M A MESS,
I'M HURT BAD.

BUT I'M GONNA MAKE IT.
BECAUSE I'M SUPER COOL.



READY TO
PEDAMBULATE,
LITTLE MISS?

GOOD!

DOROTHY MY
NAME IS DOROTHY

OH, YUSS.
MUNCHKINS.

NOW... THERE REALLY
IS A VILLAGE CALLED
TARAP WITH PEOPLE
AND EVERYTHING?

I NEED TO TRUST THIS GUY. I
NEED TO BELIEVE I CAN GET TO
SOMEPLACE WHERE THEY'VE GOT
FOOD AND SHELTER AND
MEDICINE. MY ARM'S NUMB
AROUND THE WOUND AND
FIREWORKS ARE GOING OFF AT
THE BASE OF MY SKULL. TRUTH
IS, I FEEL WORSE EVERY MINUTE.
BUT NOT BAD ENOUGH TO STOP.

AND YOU REALLY
KNOW HOW TO
GET THERE?

OH, YUSS.
WALKING.

THEN LET'S
GO FOR IT

I'M AFRAID IT'S STILL
OUT THERE. FOLLOWING.



...WHEN I WOKE UP
THE TRUCK WAS
TOAST, AND I WAS
HERE. NOW YOU TELL
ME SOMETHING.

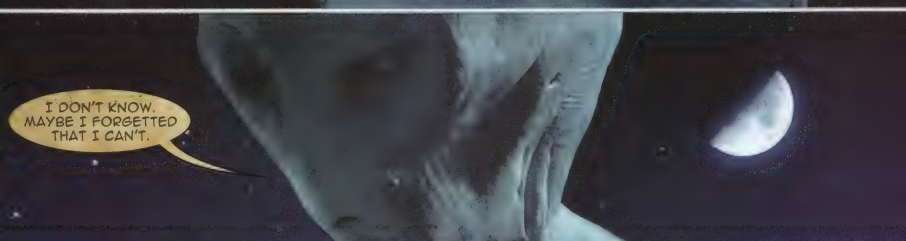
THERE'S THE
TREES HERE,
ALL GREEN,
TOO.

A LITTLE MORE
PLEASE. THERE'S
HOURS TO GO...

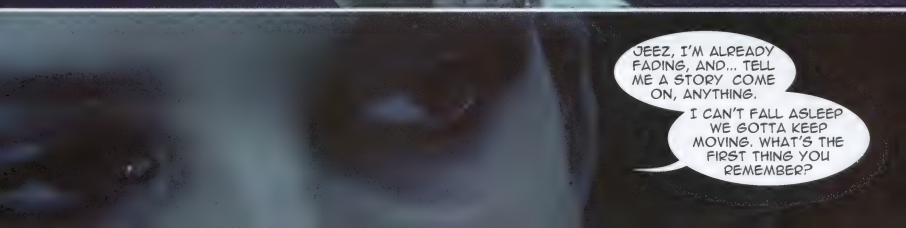
INFECTION IS THE
PROBLEM. I SAW IT ON
THE DISCOVERY CHANNEL.
SOME PREDATORS, LIKE
MALE LIONS, AND
KOMODO DRAGONS...
THEY DON'T ALWAYS KILL
YOU RIGHT AWAY. THEY
DON'T RIP YOU UP AND
EAT YOU THERE. THEY'RE
LAZY. THEY JUST NEED
ONE GOOD PIECE OF
YOU. THEY GOT BACTERIA
IN THEIR CLAWS, OLD
DEAD MEAT IN THEIR
TEETH... THEY LET IT
INFECT YOU. AND YOU
THINK YOU ESCAPED, BUT
YOU GET SICKER AND
SICKER, AND THEY
FOLLOW YOU. THEY WAIT
FOR YOU TO COLLAPSE,
AND THEN THEY...



LIKE, WHAT ARE YOU
MADE OF? HOW CAN
YOU SPEAK?

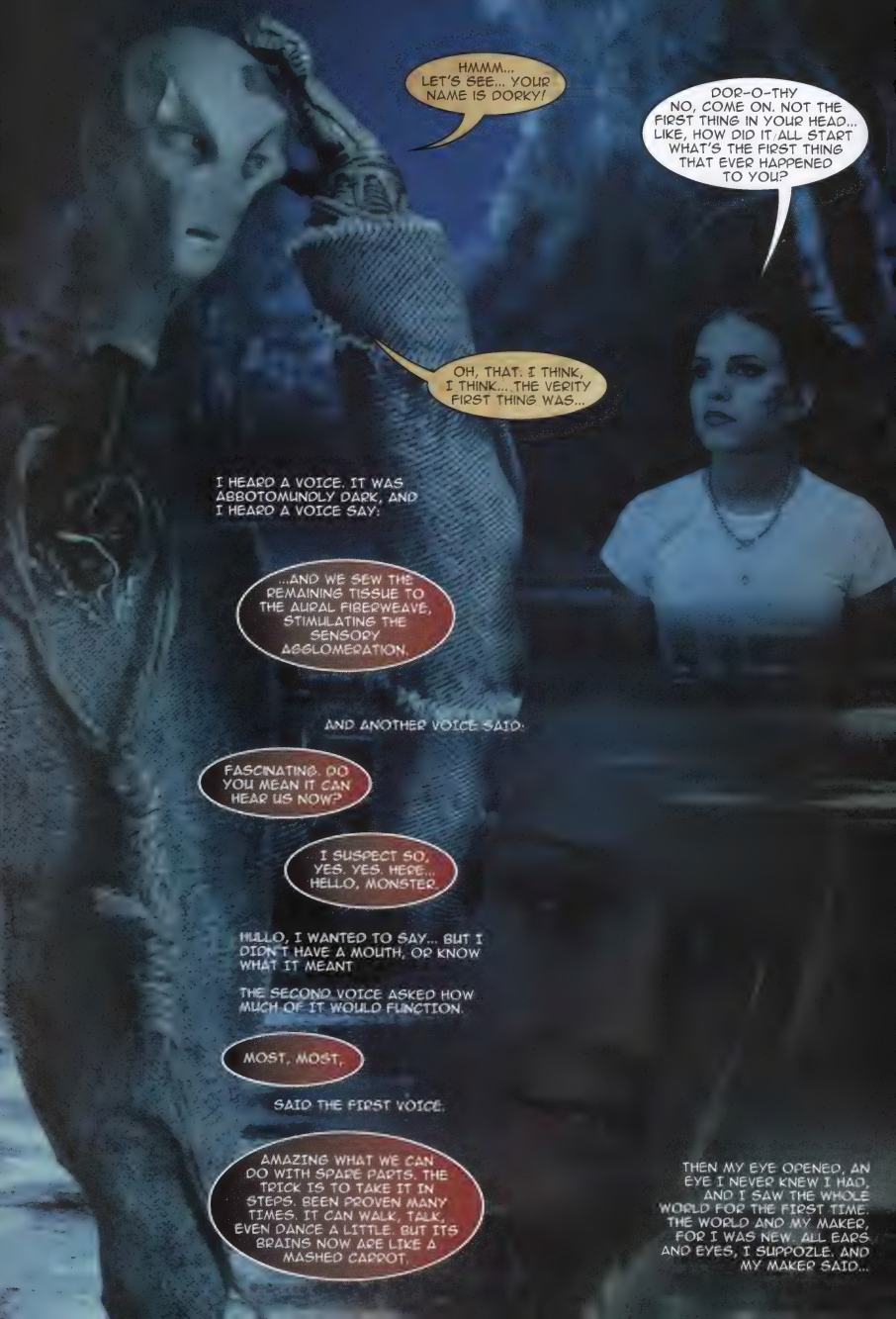


I DON'T KNOW.
MAYBE I FORGOTTED
THAT I CAN'T.



JEEZ, I'M ALREADY
FADING, AND... TELL
ME A STORY COME
ON, ANYTHING.

I CAN'T FALL ASLEEP
WE GOTTA KEEP
MOVING. WHAT'S THE
FIRST THING YOU
REMEMBER?



HMMM...
LET'S SEE... YOUR
NAME IS DORKY!

DOR-O-THY
NO, COME ON. NOT THE
FIRST THING IN YOUR HEAD...
LIKE, HOW DID IT ALL START
WHAT'S THE FIRST THING
THAT EVER HAPPENED
TO YOU?

OH, THAT. I THINK,
I THINK... THE VERITY
FIRST THING WAS...

I HEARD A VOICE. IT WAS
ABBOTOMUNDLY DARK, AND
I HEARD A VOICE SAY:

...AND WE SEW THE
REMAINING TISSUE TO
THE AURAL FIBERWEAVE,
STIMULATING THE
SENSORY
AGGLOMERATION.

AND ANOTHER VOICE SAID:

FASCINATING. DO
YOU MEAN IT CAN
HEAR US NOW?

I SUSPECT SO.
YES, YES, HERE...
HELLO, MONSTER.

HILLO, I WANTED TO SAY... BUT I
DIDN'T HAVE A MOUTH, OR KNOW
WHAT IT MEANT

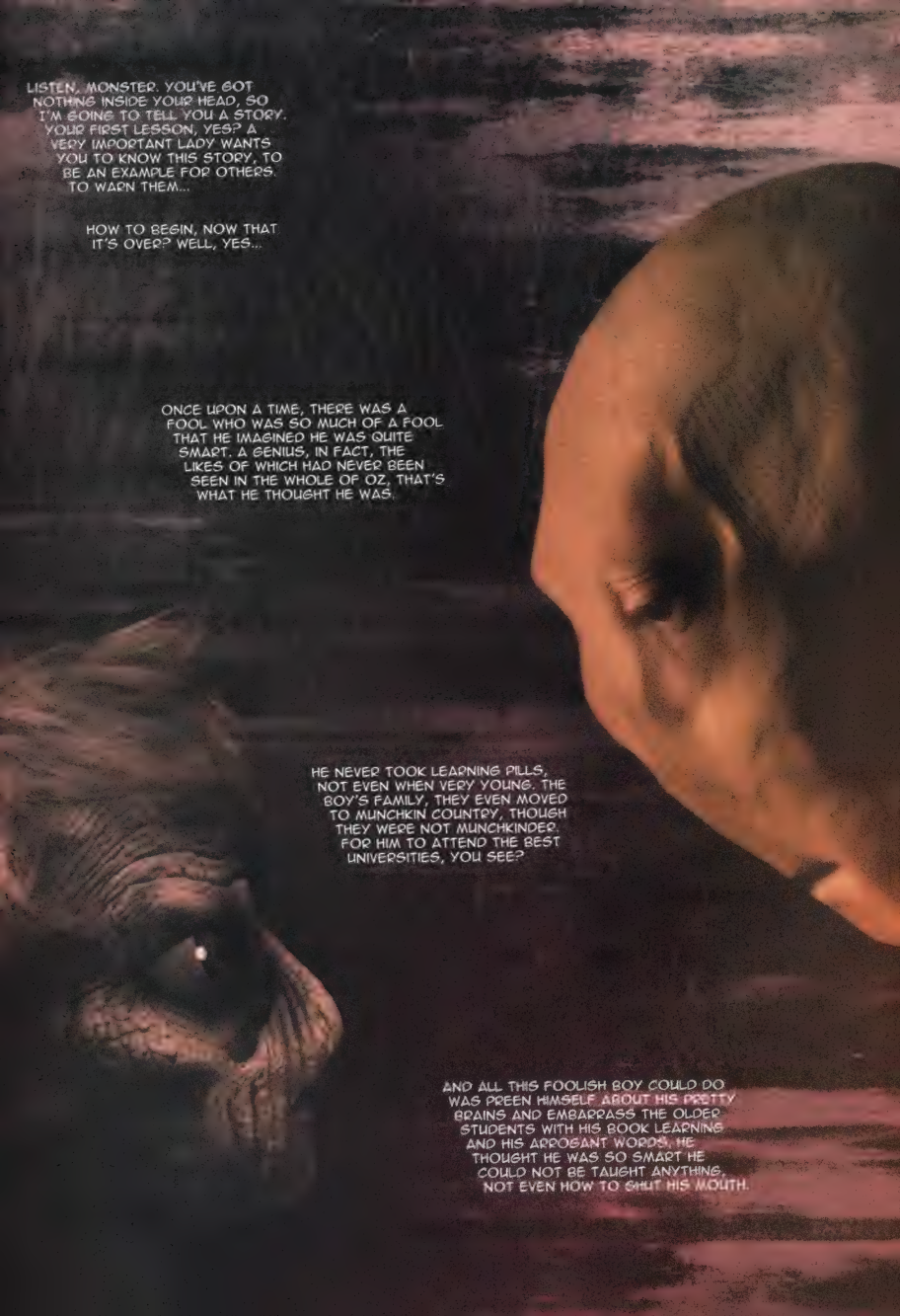
THE SECOND VOICE ASKED HOW
MUCH OF IT WOULD FUNCTION.

MOST, MOST,

SAID THE FIRST VOICE.

AMAZING WHAT WE CAN
DO WITH SPARE PARTS. THE
TRICK IS TO TAKE IT IN
STEPS. BEEN PROVEN MANY
TIMES. IT CAN WALK, TALK,
EVEN DANCE A LITTLE. BUT ITS
BRAINS NOW ARE LIKE A
MASHED CARROT.

THEN MY EYE OPENED, AN
EYE I NEVER KNEW I HAD,
AND I SAW THE WHOLE
WORLD FOR THE FIRST TIME.
THE WORLD AND MY MAKER,
FOR I WAS NEW. ALL EARS
AND EYES, I SUPPOZLE, AND
MY MAKER SAID...



LISTEN, MONSTER. YOU'VE GOT
NOTHING INSIDE YOUR HEAD, SO
I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY.
YOUR FIRST LESSON, YES? A
VERY IMPORTANT LADY WANTS
YOU TO KNOW THIS STORY, TO
BE AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHERS.
TO WARN THEM...

HOW TO BEGIN, NOW THAT
IT'S OVER? WELL, YES...

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A
FOOL WHO WAS SO MUCH OF A FOOL
THAT HE IMAGINED HE WAS QUITE
SMART. A GENIUS, IN FACT, THE
LIKES OF WHICH HAD NEVER BEEN
SEEN IN THE WHOLE OF OZ. THAT'S
WHAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS.

HE NEVER TOOK LEARNING PILLS,
NOT EVEN WHEN VERY YOUNG. THE
BOY'S FAMILY, THEY EVEN MOVED
TO MUNCHKIN COUNTRY, THOUGH
THEY WERE NOT MUNCHKINDEO.
FOR HIM TO ATTEND THE BEST
UNIVERSITIES, YOU SEE?

AND ALL THIS FOOLISH BOY COULD DO
WAS PREEN HIMSELF ABOUT HIS PRETTY
BRAINS AND EMBARRASS THE OLDER
STUDENTS WITH HIS BOOK LEARNING
AND HIS ARROGANT WORDS. HE
THOUGHT HE WAS SO SMART HE
COULD NOT BE TAUGHT ANYTHING,
NOT EVEN HOW TO SHUT HIS MOUTH.

WHILE OTHER STUDENTS
TOOK THEIR LEARNING
PILLS THE FOOL
WOULD INSULT THEM,
SAY THAT SCIENCE
SHOULD NOT BE SO
EASY TO DIGEST NEW
THEORIES SAID THE
FOOL, WE NEEDED
FOR NEW TIMES.

THOUGH STILL A YOUTH,
HE SOUGHT TO MERGE
THE BASIC FORCES OF
SCIENCE AND MAGIC,
TO RE-IMAGINE THE
FUNDAMENTAL SHAPE
OF THE WORLD.

LUCKY FOR HIM, HE WAS
NOT OFTEN WRONG.

HE COULD HAVE BEEN
GREAT, MONSTER

HE SHOOK THE
FOUNDATIONS...

NO MORE MEMORIZING
SYLLABLES AND
NONSENSE RHYMES,
NO MORE YEARS
WASTED ON DISTILLING
A DROP OF POTION.

HE DISCOVERED
VIBRATIONAL
FREQUENCIES THAT
TAPPED INTO THE
TEMPLATE OF LIFE AND
MAGIC ITSELF

HE FOUND ENERGY IN
MOTION OF THE STARS,
IN THE STONES OF THE
EARTH.

FROM THIS SUCH
MIRACLES.

CRYSTAL FOCUS
CANNONS, HORNER
LIGHTS, GREEN STEEL
GLASS, CORNSILK
SKIN...

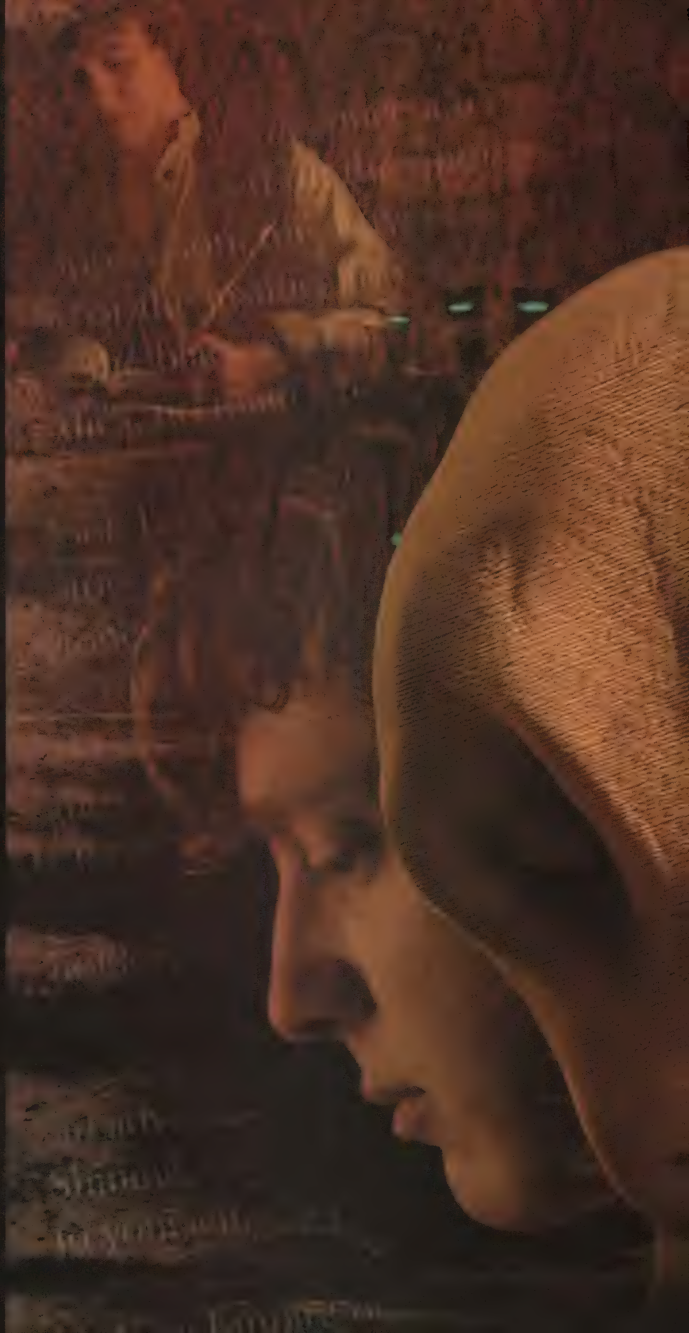
ALL THESE AND MORE
HE DEvised.

BUT HE WAS STILL A
FOOL.

AND WHERE HE FINALLY
EXPOSED HIS
FOOLISHNESS,
MONSTER, WHERE THE
FOOL BEGAN HIS FALL
INTO WICKEDNESS, WAS
WHEN HE SAID THAT
MAGICAL SCIENCE
SHOULD NOT BE USED
FOR WAR NOT EVEN IN
THE RIGHTEOUS CAUSE
OF OZ.

THAT WAS WHEN HE
BECAME POLITICAL,
YOU SEE. DANGEROUS.

I AM A SCIENTIST
MYSELF MONSTER, AS
WELL AS A DOCTOR





BUT I SERVE OZ FIRST

WHEN OZ NEEDS UNITY,
IT IS FOOLISH TO
OPPOSE THE FORCES
OF STRENGTH AND
SOLIDARITY.

FOOLISH, WICKED AND
TRAITOROUS.

THIS MAN WHO
THOUGHT HE WAS SO
WISE BETRAYED OZ BY
REFUSING TO USE
HIS GIFTS WHEN
CONFLICT CAME.

HE STOOD ASIDE,
WRITING INANE
BROADSHEETS AND
EMPTY IDEALISTIC
THEORIES, WHILE
OTHERS FOUGHT ON
THE LINES AND
CONDUCTED VITAL
RESEARCH ON THE
CUTTING EDGE.

RESEARCH WITH
STRANGE ELEMENTS
AND INCANTATIONS
THAT LEFT THEM...

TRANSFORMED.

HE ABANDONED US.
THIS FOOL.

HE RETREATED TO HIS
COUNTRY HOME, AWAY
FROM THE BATTLES AND
THE COOLING TOWERS
AND THE EXPERIMENTAL
CAMPS.

AND THE THINGS HE
WROTE! OH, MONSTER!

YOU WILL HARDLY
CREDIT HOW HATEFUL
THEY WERE.

FULL OF HIS
ARROGANCE AND
IGNORANCE.

FULL OF LIES ABOUT
THE WAY OF THE
WORLD.

FULL OF LUDICROUS
CLAIMS ABOUT THE
FALLEN FAIRIES OF OZ.

JUST NONSENSE.

HURTFUL NONSENSE.

AND WHEN THE WARS
WERE OVER, HE STILL
PRINTED HIS LIES.

ONLY NOW THEY
ATTACKED THE
POWERFUL LADY IN THE
WEST WHO HAD DONE
SO MUCH TO BRING
PEACE. WHO HAD
SACRIFICED SO MUCH
OF HERSELF TO
BRING PEACE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST... AND IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHAT.

I DON'T LIKE WHERE THIS IS GOING.

NO... I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS CHICK. SOMETHING... GO ON.

AND WHEN THE LADY, FROM HER RIGHTFUL WESTERN THRONE, DECLARED AT LONG LAST AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE MUNCHKINDEER AND THE WARRIORS OF WINKIE COUNTRY, WHEN SHE ACHIEVED THAT DREAM AND THE PEOPLE ROSE UP AND DEMANDED WITH ONE VOICE THAT SHE BE CROWNED QUEEN OF ALL OZ, STILL THE FOOL WROTE TERRIBLE AND BITTER THINGS.

THINGS THAT COULD NO LONGER BE IGNORED.

THINGS THAT MIGHT ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO QUESTION THEIR NEW QUEEN.

AND SO THE FOOL GOT THE RESPONSE HE DESERVED.



BY ALL ACCOUNTS, HE'S A PART OF THE EMERALD CONSPIRACY, FULL PURIFICATION FOR THE AREA. BRING THE TURNCOAT SCRIBBLER TO ME;



HER MAJESTY WANTS HIM ALIVE. OTHERWISE, USUAL PROCEDURES. THEY'LL LEARN HOW WE TREAT THOSE WHO STAND IN THE WAY OF PEACE.

SO THE GRAY LEGIONS CUT A SWATH THROUGH BLUE MUNCHKIN COUNTRY, BROUGHT THERE BY THE FOOL'S WICKEDNESS.

BY ALL ACCOUNTS, HE SUBMITTED HIMSELF LIKE A DOG. IMAGINE THAT, MONSTER.



MOST LIKELY HE KNEW HE WAS WRONG, YES.

EVEN IN HIS OWN MIND, HE DESERVED TO BE BEATEN. DESERVED PUNISHMENT. PERHAPS NOT, BUT YOU AND I CAN NEVER KNOW, EH, MONSTER?

WE JUST KNOW THAT HE WAS A COWARD, AS WELL AS A FOOL.

I NEED A SIP OF BLACK LACASA FOR MY THROAT. YOU DON'T DRINK NOW, MY SCARY FRIEND. YOU DON'T EAT, EITHER, YES? ALTHOUGH MUCH OF YOU IS STILL, WE SAY, GOOEY IT WILL SOON DRY OUT. THIS STUFFING INSIDE YOU, DRIED AND HOLLOW, THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT IN YOU THAT CAN BE HURT. YOU'LL HAVE STRENGTH IN YOUR ARMS, BUT BRAINS OF STRAW.

OF COURSE, SHOULD IT CATCH FIRE, THAT DRY LIFE POWDER INSIDE YOU EXPLODES LIKE A CANNON BLAST VOOSH!
YOU KNOW, CRACKLE, CRACKLE, HOT? FIRE?

OF COURSE NOT.

I GUESS THAT'S WHEN I FIRST KNEW TO BE AFRIGHTED OF SOMETHING.



IS MY
NARRAFABULATING
HELPING YOU,
MISS? ARE YOU
FREE FROM
FADING?

NO.
WHAT'S A
DREAM?

SORRY JUST
SCOOT BACK
SOME.

I'M ALL GOOD.
YOUR STORY'S
A LITTLE LIKE A
DREAM, YOU
KNOW?

FIRE, YEAH, WELL.
PREDATORS ARE AFRAID
OF FIRE, TOO. I HOPE.

IT'LL BE OKAY. JUST NEED
A LITTLE REST STOP. MY
EYES CAN'T FOCUS. KEEP
SETTING DISTRACTED BY
THESE DISAPPEARING
PURPLE BATS.



OH. YES.

AND THEY ARE
ALWAYS SAD?

I WISH I HAD
ANOTHER ONE, MISS,
BUT NOT MUCH HAPPABLES
OUT HERE, AND IT'S TERRIBLE
HARD TO LEARN WITHOUT...
WITHOUT... OH, I KNOW...
WITHOUT... B... B...

I... IT'S LIKE A
PICTURE. A PICTURE
YOU SEE WHEN
YOU CLOSE YOUR
EYES.

MY MOTHER'S FAVORITE
SONG WAS "LEATHER AND
LACE" BY STEVIE NICKS.
MY FATHER'S FAVORITE
SONG WAS... WAS... SHIT.
I FEEL SO SICK. WHAT'S
WRONG WITH ME? I CAN'T
SENSE THE NECKLACE
ANYMORE. I THINK IT'S
BURNT OUT.

FEVER'S COMING ON NOW.
JUST TEN MORE MINUTES
HERE, THEN WE'RE OFF. NO
SLEEP TIL MUNCHKIN...



...B ...BRAINS!
THAT'S IT. BRAINS.

OH NO. FIRE'S OUT. IT'S
BEEN HOURS. DAMMIT.

EVERY. THING. HURTS.



NOT GOOD. NOT EVEN A PILLOW.
MY NECK'S ALL BUSTED GLASS
AND RUSTY NAILS NOW.
EVERYTHING'S SEIZED UP. I'M A
BAD ENGINE. I'M STIFF AND I
CAN BARELY TURN OVER. I'M A
WOUNDED BRUISE WALKING ON
THUMBSTACKS. THIS IS STUPID.
I'VE BEEN BEATEN UP BY
THE GROUND.

THE COLORS ON MY ARM
HAVE GONE PAST GROSS.
MOUTH'S DRY AS DIRT
I CAN FEEL THE SHAKES
STARTING IN MY MUSCLES.

WHY'D YOU LET
ME SLEEP?!
OW! OW!

MISS?

SON OF A BITCH.

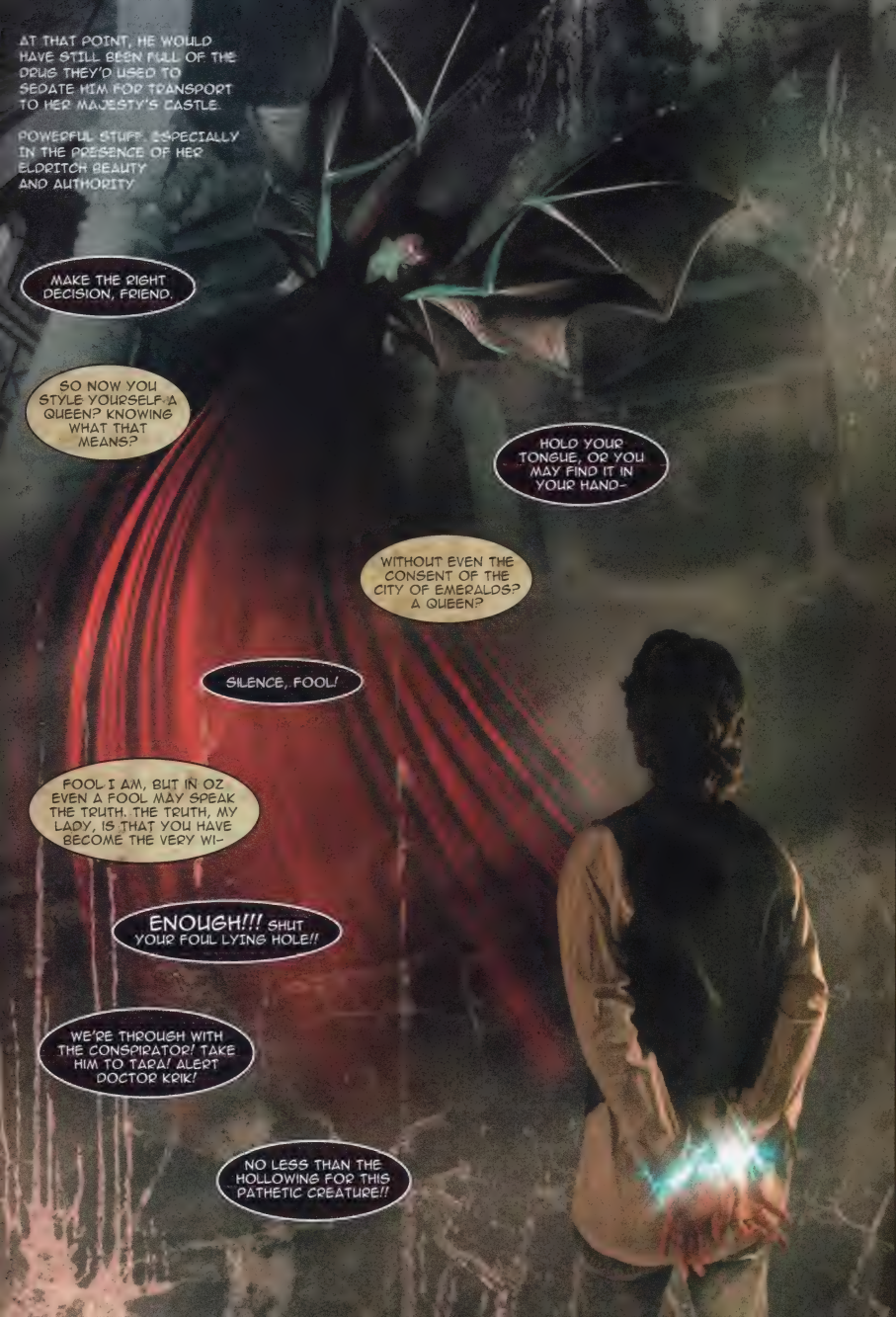
WE NEED TO GET
AWAY FROM HERE.
OW HOW FAR TO
THE VILLAGE?

WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE
ARE THERE! DO YOU
NEED INSISTENCE?

DAMMIT LET'S
JUST GO. FINISH
YOUR STORY WHILE
WE WALK.

WHERE WERE WE?

OH YES,
THE FOOL'S MISTAKE.



AT THAT POINT, HE WOULD
HAVE STILL BEEN FULL OF THE
DRUG THEY'D USED TO
SEDATE HIM FOR TRANSPORT
TO HER MAJESTY'S CASTLE.

POWERFUL STUFF, ESPECIALLY
IN THE PRESENCE OF HER
ELDRITCH BEAUTY
AND AUTHORITY

MAKE THE RIGHT
DECISION, FRIEND.

SO NOW YOU
STYLE YOURSELF A
QUEEN? KNOWING
WHAT THAT
MEANS?

HOLD YOUR
TONGUE, OR YOU
MAY FIND IT IN
YOUR HAND-

WITHOUT EVEN THE
CONSENT OF THE
CITY OF EMERALDS?
A QUEEN?

SILENCE, FOOL!

FOOL I AM, BUT IN OZ,
EVEN A FOOL MAY SPEAK
THE TRUTH. THE TRUTH, MY
LADY, IS THAT YOU HAVE
BECOME THE VERY WI-

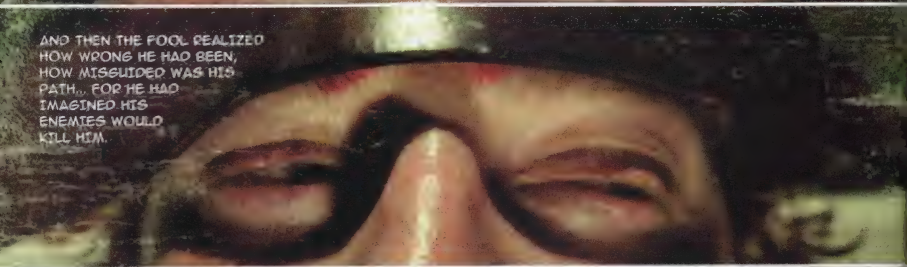
ENOUGH!!! SHUT
YOUR FOUL LYING HOLE!!

WE'RE THROUGH WITH
THE CONSPIRATOR! TAKE
HIM TO TARAI! ALERT
DOCTOR KRIK!

NO LESS THAN THE
HOLLOWING FOR THIS
PATHETIC CREATURE!!



AND THEN THE FOOL REALIZED
HOW WRONG HE HAD BEEN,
HOW MISGUIDED WAS HIS
PATH,, FOR HE HAD
IMAGINED HIS
ENEMIES WOULD
KILL HIM.



THE FOOL WOKE UP.



NO. OH NO.



THIS
ISN'T RIGHT.

WHAT IS THIS
PLACE?



I KNOW THIS
PLACE.

AND THEN WE ASKED HIM THE
MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION
OF HIS LIFE.



WHO IS THE
WIZARD?

WHAT? PLEASE,
I KNOW YOU. LET...

AND THE FOOL
GOT IT WRONG.



HOW LONG HAVE
YOU WORKED FOR
THE WIZARD?

I'M NOT... PLEASE,
I'M SCARED. WHAT...
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

NOT THAT IT WOULD HAVE
MATTERED, I ASSURE YOU.

AND THEN FINALLY, MY MAKER TOLD
ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FOOL.



IT'S A SIMPLE
PROCESS, NO? SCALPEL,
PITUITARY SPOON, A
LITTLE DESICCATION, A
LITTLE STRAW, A SIMPLE
FRAME, SOME POWDERS
WE DEVELOPED DURING
THE WAR, EHP? OUT WITH
THE OLD, IN WITH
THE NEW.

WE THOUGHT WE
COULD SAVE LIVES.
NOW WE INTEROSATE
FOR THE GRAY WES...
COULD YOU CLAMP
THAT? THANK YOU.

THIS OLD PLACE HAS
BEEN ABANDONED, NO ONE
WANTS TO ADMIT THIS SORT
OF THING HAPPENS. MOST OF
THE RESEARCH NOW IS DONE
WITH SMITH & TINKER TOYS.
FEH. THEY PUT THAT MADMAN,
DR. CIOPPA, IN CHARGE.
THEY'LL GET NOTHING.

TERIBLY PAINFUL, NO?
THEY SCREAM SO. LITTLE
WONDER THEIR MINDS DO
NOT SURVIVE THE TRANSFER.
HERE, HOLD THIS WHILE I
GET MY CLIPPERS.

ACH. THERE HE GOES.



WAIT. WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

IS THIS PART OF THE STORY?

AM I LIVING IT NOW, OR IS IT
IN MY HEAD?

DID I MAKE IT UP?

MAYBE THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN.

MY HEAD IS SO CONFUSED NOW,
OUTSIDE OF TIME.

WHO AM I?

AND SO EVERYTHING HE EVER WAS... IT ALL DISAPPEARED. HE'S BEEN SHREDDED, DISPERSED, AND HE WON'T EVER FIND HIS WAY BACK.

SO THAT WAS THE END OF THE FOOL AND HIS ARROGANCE. PERHAPS IF HE HAD LEARNED HIS LESSONS LIKE YOU, MY GOOD MONSTER, IF HE HAD KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT AT THE RIGHT TIME, PERHAPS THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE TO SHOW YOU THE REST OF HIS PUNISHMENT.

NO, MY MONSTER, YOU'LL BE AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS. EVERYONE WILL LOOK TO YOU AND THINK TWICE ABOUT OPENING THEIR MOUTHS. YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THE FEAR IN THEM. YOU'RE GOING TO SCAPE AWAY ALL THEIR REBELLION. GOODBYE, OLD MAN...





THEN THEY CARRIED ME FROM
THAT IRON MUNCHKIN PLACE TO
THE FIELD WHERE YOU FOUND ME.
I PEDAMBULATED BACK FOR A
WEEK BEFORE I SAW MY FEET
WEREN'T ON THE GROUND. I'M
STILL SO GRAPEFULBUL TO YOU.



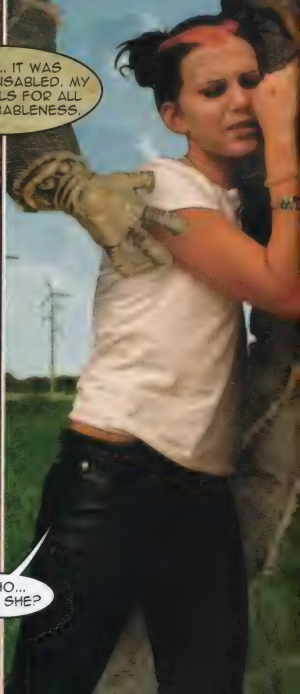
WHOA.... DON'T
YOU GET IT? NO...
SOMETHING MISSING.
WHAT DID ... THE LITTLE
SQUID... SHOW YOU?



WELL, I... IT WAS
VERY CONFUSABLE. MY
HEAD WHIRLS FOR ALL
ITS CURIOSABLENESS.



THEY BROUGHT A WOMAN
ASTUMBLED INTO THE ROOM. A
WOMAN TIED IN HANDACLES.



WHO...
WAS SHE?



I DOUBTN'T KNOW. I'D NEVER MET ANYONE BEFORE.

I TRIED TO SMILE, BUT MY MOUTH WAS SO NEW THAT I MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG.

HER EYES GOT BIG, LOOKING AT ME, AND SHE SHOOKLE SO HARD I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT SPODE LIKE A CANNON.

AND THEN IT GOT MORE STRANGELY STILL, BECAUSE SHE OPENED HER MOUTH AND SHE SAID A WORD.

A WORD THAT I DON'T REMEMBLE. AND AFTER SHE SAID IT, I BLINKED, BECAUSE I KNEW NOTHING, AND MY EYES ITCHED.

AND THEN, IT WAS LIKE THE SUN WENT DOWN INSIDE HER. DARK, DARKER, CRICKETS.



THEN THEY... THEY... THEY MADE
HER GO AWAY.



I DON'T THINK
I LIKE IT WHEN
PEOPLE GO AWAY.

A comic book page featuring a woman in the top left and a large, close-up alien head on the right. The woman has red hair and is wearing a white shirt and a necklace. The alien has a large, wrinkled face with a serious expression. The background is a blurred landscape with green hills and a blue sky.

I'M SORRY... LITTLE
SCARECROW

MISS?

WHO DOES THIS TO PEOPLE?
TWISTS UP THEIR LIVES? MY
HEAD IS SO CONFUSED NOW,
OUTSIDE OF TIME. I KNOW
NOW. I'VE BEEN ON THIS ROAD...

YOU REMIND
ME OF A DOLL...
MY FATHER HAD...

MISS?
DOR-O-THY?

... SINCE THEY DIED. MOM AND
DAD, I'M TIRED OF THIS DREAM.
LET ME WAKE UP.

FASTER...

LET ME FALL ASLEEP.

IT'S TOO MUCH, IN THE
END. THIS ISN'T RIGHT.
IT ISN'T HOW I THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE... I SWEAR,
MUST BE SOME MISTAKE...
POOR FOOL.
POOR DOROTHY.



DOROTHY?
DON'T GO
AWAY.

IT'S OKAY...

NO PAIN ANYMORE. FUNNY
HOW FAST IT COMES. FASTER.
LIKE TIME. AT LEAST I...

A person on a bicycle is riding away from the viewer on a cobblestone path that leads towards a distant castle. The path is flanked by dry, scrubby vegetation. In the background, several tall, thin utility poles with cross-arms are visible against a blue sky with wispy clouds. A large, three-bladed wind turbine stands prominently on the right side of the path. A speech bubble originates from the person on the bicycle.

PLEASE!!
WON'T SOMEONE
HELP HER?!

TO BE CONTINUED...

A movie poster for the film 'Dorothy'. The background is dark with a subtle pattern of white specks. A large, close-up profile of a woman's face is shown, looking upwards. Her mouth is slightly open, revealing a bright red tongue. The title 'Dorothy' is written in a large, stylized, metallic font with a green, star-like shape behind it. The credits are listed on the right side in a white, serif font. The logo for Illusive Arts Entertainment is in the bottom left corner.

Dorothy

STARRING
CATIE FISHER

WRITTEN BY
MARK MASTERSON

DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY
GREG MANNINO

I
Illusive Arts
ENTERTAINMENT

Dorothy

The poster features a close-up of a woman's face with green and purple eyes. A green, spiky, metallic-looking logo with the word 'Dorothy' is at the top. In the background, there's a large, dark, textured face with a yellow eye. To the right, a small, blue, alien-like figure with a red vest and a flashlight is visible.

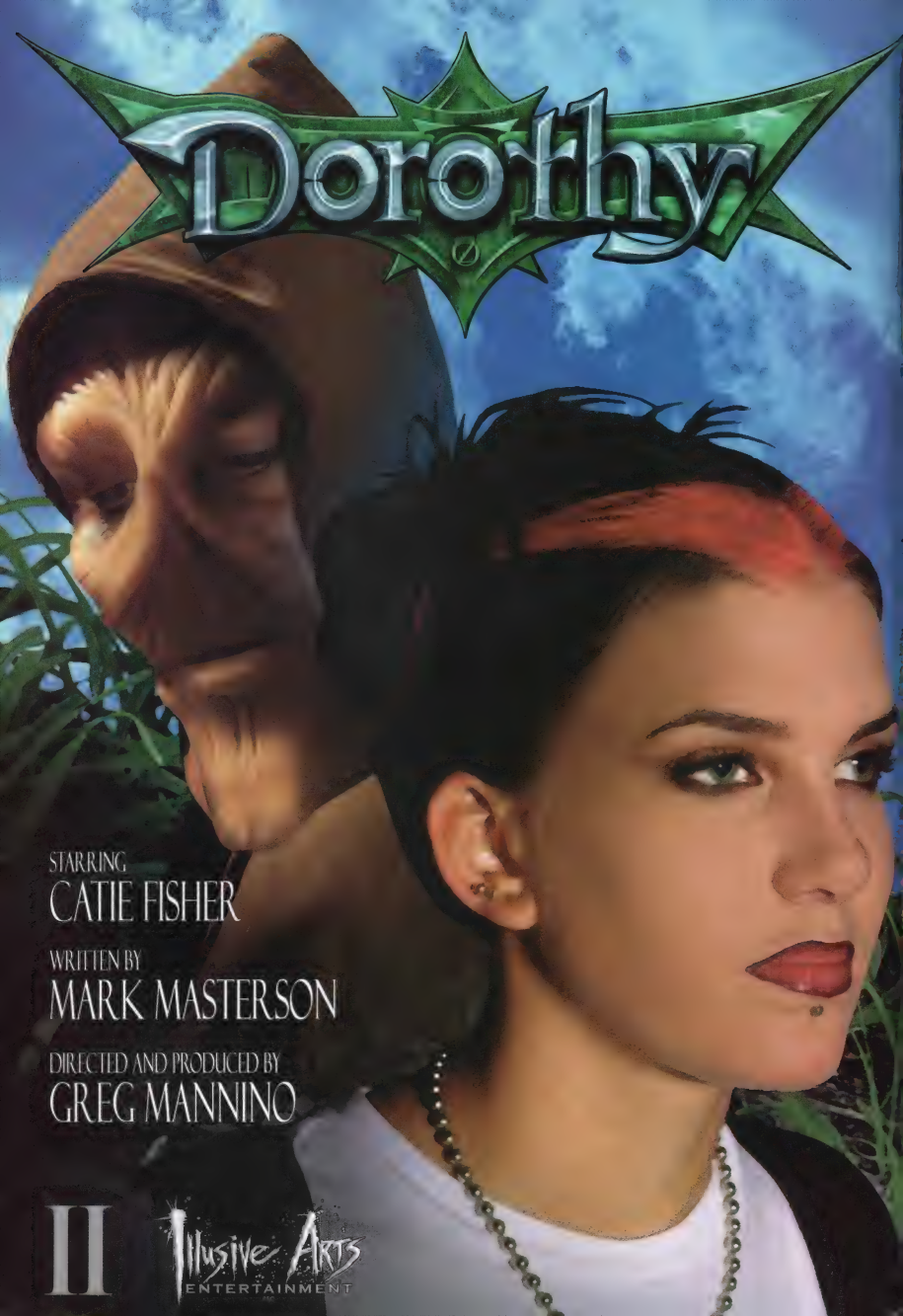
STARRING
CATIE FISHER

WRITTEN BY
MARK MASTERSON

DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY
GREG MANNINO

I

Illusive Arts
ENTERTAINMENT

A movie poster for the film 'Dorothy'. The title 'Dorothy' is at the top in a stylized, metallic font with a green, spiky background. Below the title, a large, close-up image of a woman (Catie Fisher) with dark hair and a red streak is shown. In the background, a man with a large, distorted, and somewhat monstrous face is visible. The background is a blue sky with clouds.

Dorothy

STARRING
CATIE FISHER

WRITTEN BY
MARK MASTERSON

DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY
GREG MANNINO

II

Illusive Arts
ENTERTAINMENT

Dorothy

A movie poster for the film 'Dorothy'. The background is a dark, green, textured environment. In the center, a large, grey, scaly dinosaur head with sharp teeth and a long, red, forked tongue is shown. A young woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a white t-shirt and black pants, stands in the foreground, looking up at the dinosaur. She is holding a dark red bag. The title 'Dorothy' is at the top in a stylized, metallic font. Credits are on the left, and logos are at the bottom.

STARRING
CATIE FISHER

WRITTEN BY
MARK MASTERSON

SPECIAL 3D EFFECTS BY
THEO PANOUSOPOULOS

DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY
GREG MANNINO

III

Illusive Arts
ENTERTAINMENT

A movie poster for the film 'Dorothy'. The background is a dark, textured brown. In the center is a large, close-up profile of a young woman with a pale, almost featureless face, looking downwards. To her right, in the background, is a smaller image of a young man with dark hair, looking towards the camera. At the top, the title 'Dorothy' is written in a stylized, metallic, gothic font, set against a green, spiky, star-like emblem.

Dorothy

STARRING
CATIE FISHER

WRITTEN BY
MARK MASTERSON

DIRECTED BY
THEO PANOUSOPOULOS

CREATED AND PRODUCED BY
GREG MANNINO

IV *Illusive Arts*
ENTERTAINMENT



Dorothy

www.dorothyofoz.com

Dorothy



www.dorothyofoz.com

ILLUSIVE ARTS ENTERTAINMENT LLC PRESENTS
DOROTHY, VOLUME 1

BASED ON THE BOOKS BY
L. FRANK BAUM

STARRING
CATIE FISHER

CO-STARRING
(IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE)
STEPHANIE SALAS
JENNIFER FISHER
CRAIG MARTIN
GREG MANNINO
BRYAN CHAMP
HOLLY ALVAREZ

PHOTOGRAPHY
GREG MANNINO
THEO PANOUSOPOULOS

COMPUTER VISUALIZATION
GREG MANNINO

SPECIAL 3D EFFECTS
THEO PANOUSOPOULOS
RAY BOERSIG

COVER ART CHAPTER III
DAVE DORMAN

PRODUCTION ASSISTANCE
JEFF GREY
KAREN KELLER
VONN WATKINS
MARK J. PRUSTEN

STORY
GREG MANNINO
MARK MASTERSON

WRITTEN BY
MARK MASTERSON

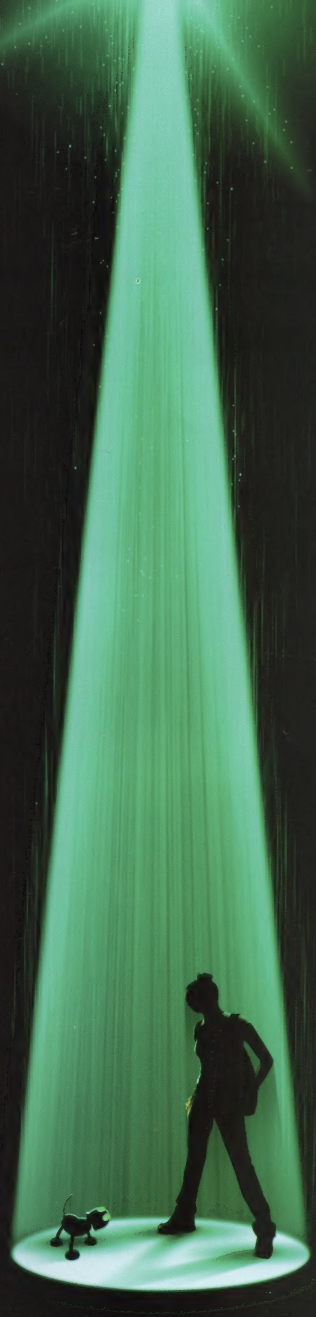
DIRECTED BY
GREG MANNINO (CH. I-III)
THEO PANOUSOPOULOS (CH. IV)

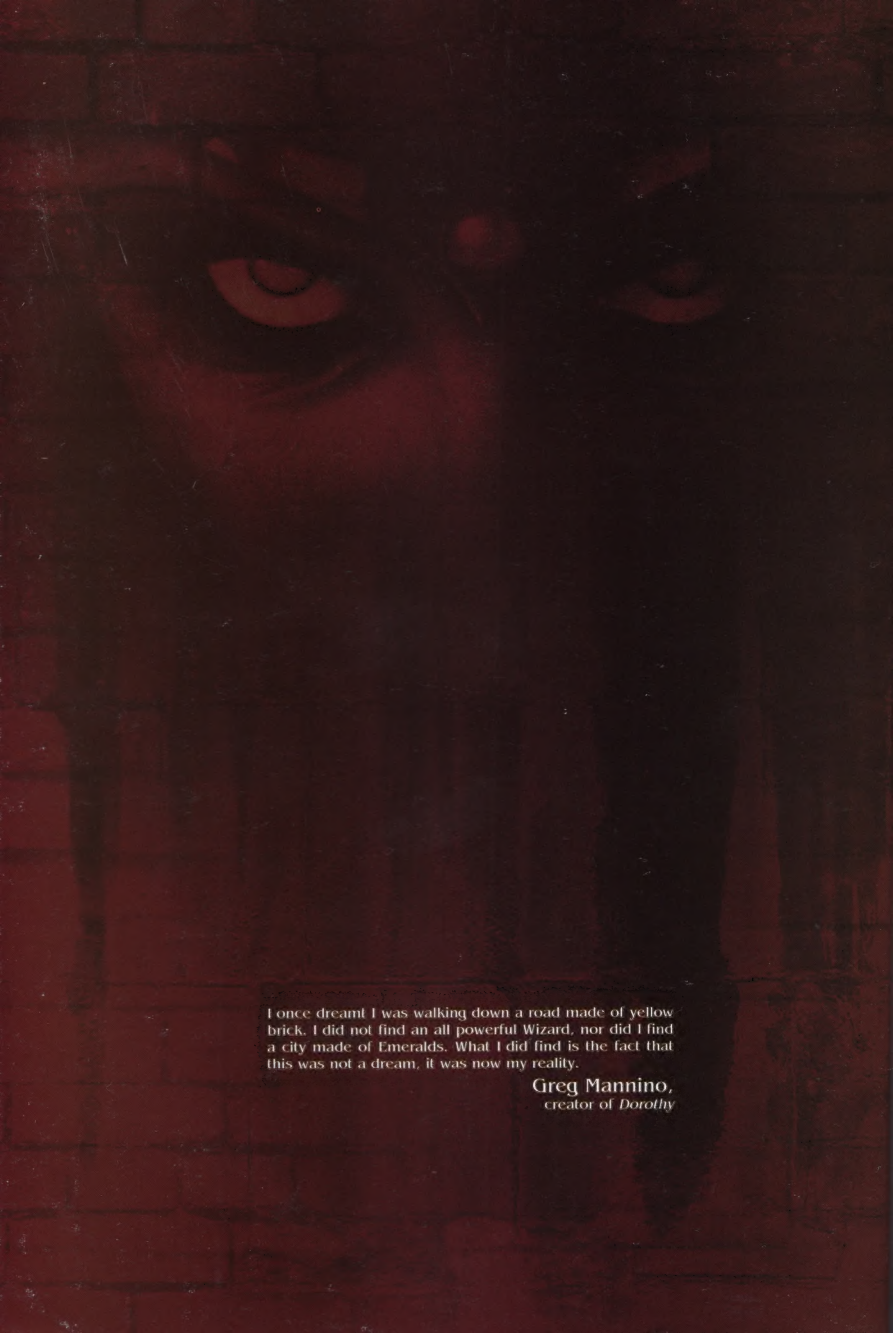
CREATED AND PRODUCED BY
GREG MANNINO

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ANNA WARREN BOERSIG

SPECIAL THANKS
MOM & DAD MANNINO, GYRO & BILL FODRIE,
SHANA BRUNYE, R. KELLY ZIMMERMAN,
HOLLY SHINN, KAREN KELLER, VONN WATKINS,
MATTHEW KAUFFMAN, KATHY ROSS, JEFF GREY,
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NEWSARAMA.COM, MEDIASHARX.COM, NASA,
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REYNOLDS, MARCUS MEBES & THE BAUM BUGLE,
MARK'S FOLKS, LOUIS SMALL, JR., BOB SCHRECK,
BOB BURDEN, RAY'S MOM, MOST OF ANNA'S
FAMILY, ROGER ROZEK'S LAW FIRM, LAURA OF
ARIZONA LITHOGRAPHERS, FRED BROWN,
THE INTERNATIONAL WIZARD OF OZ CLUB
AND ALL OTHER FRIENDS, FAMILIES AND FANS
THAT HAVEN'T BEEN MENTIONED HEREIN.

DEDICATIONS
BRANDON TAYLOR MANNINO, AUNTIE INEZ AREND
AND ANYONE WHO HAS EVER BELIEVED IN A
DREAM SO MUCH THAT IT CAME TRUE.





I once dreamt I was walking down a road made of yellow brick. I did not find an all powerful Wizard, nor did I find a city made of Emeralds. What I did find is the fact that this was not a dream, it was now my reality.

Greg Mannino,
creator of *Dorothy*

Dorothy

'A landmark achievement in today's comics, all in the key of fumetti....
visually written with both a viewer and reader in mind...
It's L. Frank Baum's *Blade Runner*, but with more *huevos*!

- Rafael Navarro,
creator of *Sonambulo*

'It's a wild and exciting journey, and it's not quite like anything you've ever
read before. I don't think we're in Oz anymore, Toto.'

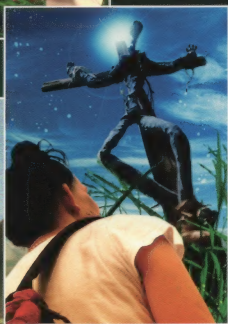
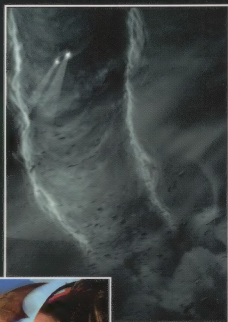
- Rich Handley,
Star Wars Tales writer & reviewer
for *The Baum Bugle*

WHERE DO YOU GO WHEN ANYPLACE IS BETTER THAN HOME?

She's tired of listening to the lectures. She's not a child. She's sixteen, practically seventeen. They've got no right to treat her this way. Aunt Em and Uncle Henry. They're nothing like her real parents. She's sick of it. She's sick of the farm. She's sick of Kansas. She's sick of the flat gray world and the flat gray future. Well, forget that. Tonight, she gets out. Tonight's when everything's gonna turn around for her. Tonight, she starts her real life.

She doesn't know there's a storm coming....

Now in one volume, these 4 chapters chronicle the first steps of Dorothy Gale's ongoing journey down the darkest roads of Oz. With an introduction by Peter Hanff, former president of the International Wizard of Oz Fan Club.



CONTAINS STRONG LANGUAGE
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